THE GRAMMARIAN

1967

THE HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

THE GRAMMARIAN

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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Presented by the Students

of

THE HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

MAY 13, 1967

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication ..... Page 3

An Appreciation - His Honour, Lt.-Governor MacKeen ..... " 4

Guest Editor - designed by Bernard Newman ..... " 5

Governor-General Vanier - D. Tupper ..... " 6

Governor-General Vanier - S. Sadler ..... " 7

Headmaster's Page ..... " 8

The Prep School - designed by B. Newman ..... " 9

Compositions 10-19

Stamp Club; Prep 5 in Art Class 20

Compositions 21-26

Senior School - designed by B. Newman 27

Editorial Board 28

Form Six 29

School Calendar 30

Compositions 31-33

Student Council; Art Club 34

Compositions 35-41

Candids 42

Compositions 43-50

N.S. Ski Team Members; Candids 51

Compositions 53-63

Candids 64

Compositions 65-80

Sports - designed by B. Newman 81

Soccer Team; Hockey Team 84

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This 1967 issue of THE GRAMMARIAN
is humbly dedicated by the students of
THE HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL
to the memory of
HIS EXCELLENCY, the late GOVERNOR-GENERAL
GEORGES PHILIAS VANIER

GOVERNMENT HOUSE
HALIFAX
NOVA SCOTIA

In dedicating THE GRAMMARIAN for 1967 to the memory of His Excellency, the late Governor-General Georges P. Vanier, the Halifax Grammar School is paying an impressive tribute to a great Canadian, one whose life was devoted to the service of his Country, and one whose charm, example and interest in their problems, endeared him to Canadian Youth.

H. L. MacKeen

Lieutenant Governor

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GUEST EDITOR

Man and His World - The theme of Expo 67. The history and knowledge in the world teaches man and in turn man teaches the next generation.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL VANIER

When the new Governor General, Roland Michener, the late high commissioner to India, finally takes office he will have the almost impossible task of filling the place of a man who was the most well-liked and respected of all who held this high office.

Time magazine said, "This man, George Philias Vanier, devoted his whole life to his family, Church, Queen, and Country. Montreal born, of Irish and French Canadian parents, Vanier abandoned a career in law to help form Quebec's famed Royal 22nd Regiment in 1914. On the Western Front he won a D.S.O., M.C., and bar. At Cherisy, a German bomb cost him his right leg, but Vanier talked his way back into the service after the war by convincing the doubting army that 'brains matter more than a leg.' "

In 1921, Vanier was appointed aide-de-camp to Governor General Lord Byng and, as he later delightedly observed, it took him 38 years to move 800 yards from his aide's cottage to stately Rideau Hall. Later, Vanier returned to command the Van Doo's and then joined Canada's expanding diplomatic service. As Canadian minister to allied governments-in-exile during World War II, he counted among his close friends Charles de Gaulle and was a frequent visitor to Colomby-les-deux-Eglises during his 1944-53 term as Ambassador to France.

Summoned to become Canada's 19th Governor General in 1959, by the then Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, he became Canada's first French-Canadian and first Roman Catholic to hold that office.

Vanier used his position to convey his deep sense of Canadianism, and appealed to his countrymen of both languages to "cast aside pettiness, selfishness, and intolerance." In a New Year's Day address that drew requests for 200,000 copies, he proudly declared, "We have a Canadian identity," and deplored those who "say and write that we are a rudderless people."

During Open House last year, on what was to be his last official visit to Halifax, the Governor-General visited the Grammar School. He had planned to stay only fifteen minutes but so thoroughly enjoyed the school and children that it was not until three quarters of an hour later that he finally left. He presented to the school an autographed picture of himself and also had his picture taken with some of the Grammar School children. The Governor-General accepted a copy of last year's Grammarian and autographed one for the school. He also agreed to have one of our new school bursaries named after him - The Governor-General Vanier Scholarship.

He was a simple man and devoted his term in office to unifying this Country and especially the English and French. Vanier was devoutly religious and was not ashamed to show it in public. His love for children was shown by his parties for orphans and his being Chief Scout in Canada.

Despite a mild heart attack in 1963 and a major operation last November, General Vanier worked tirelessly in the post and travelled more than 90,000 miles to every corner of the Country.

As homage to "a very old friend," Prime Minister Pearson proclaimed a state of mourning until this week's State Funeral at Ottawa's Roman Catholic Basilica. Said the Prime Minister , "He never failed any test of duty in peace or war. He was indeed the good and faithful servant."

Douglas Tupper,
Form 4
Age 13.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL VANIER

"But yet I know where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

- Wordsworth.

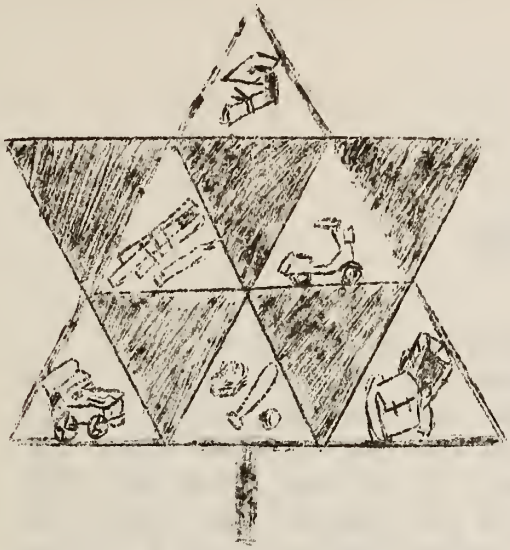
Tall and proud
With cane in hand.
Before his people
Did he stand.
The silver hair -
The twinkling eye -
His body frail,
But spirit high.
And now he's reached,
Life's final goal
Of Heaven and God -
This dauntless soul.

Susan Sadler
Form 4
Age 16.

It was inevitable that the dominant theme of the seventh edition of The Grammarian would be the Centennial of Canada. Next spring's Grammarian will almost surely celebrate an anniversary of our very own – the tenth year of the Grammar School's existence. Compared with our country's age, we as a school are young indeed. Yet, our school, no less than our country, has weathered its adolescent crises, and to survive has only to continue to be worthy of survival.

The Grammarian is the informal literary response of its youthful contributors to the world around them. The emphasis, as always, is on spontaneity rather than on the chopped-up and the warmed-over. As in former years, the key posts on the Editorial Board are held by members of the Fourth Form. My thanks to them for the diligence and despatch with which they have completed their annual spring-term project.

William Currie
Headmaster



PREP SCHOOL

As Canada grows up,
so does its children.

MAPLE SYRUP

It is fun to watch how maple syrup is collected. Let's make a visit to a forest where maple syrup is made. There is snow on the ground, so the men have to use sleighs. Then the men go to the sugar bush to tap the trees. A spout, called a spile, is put into the hole, and on it a small bucket is hung. When the running sap comes out through the spile, it drips into the bucket. It takes around a day for the bucket to get filled up. One or two men go back to the woods every day to get the buckets. They collect the sap from each bucket. A big sleigh with a tank on it gathers the sap up. The tanks are sometimes made out of wood. Then they carry the sap to the sugar house. In my opinion, I think this is the most interesting place of all. A large tank called an evaporator boils the sap. The sap is put into the evaporator and it is heated by a fire built under it. The sap starts boiling and boiling, until the water is driven off by steam. It is tested from time to time. When it is turned into a right thickness, it is drawn out of the tins and it is sold as maple syrup. When syrup is ready, all the people from the country come to the sugar house. The syrup is put on the snow. It makes a kind of candy. It is very sweet, so watch out for a tooth ache.

Pascal Batiot
Prep. 5
Age 11.

MY TULIP

My tulip is growing!
My tulip is growing!
It will be in flower tomorrow.
The colour of my tulip is red.

Sarah Stevens
Prep. 1
Age 6.

A VISIT TO ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

One day this term Prep. V was taken for an historical tour of St. Paul's Church, as we are studying the history of Nova Scotia this year.

St. Paul's Church is the oldest Protestant church in Canada. It was built and almost completed before the rest of Canada had passed to the British Crown. St. Paul's was founded by Governor Cornwallis and the first service was held in it on September 2nd, 1750. The first organ was taken from a captured Spanish ship and had a solid mahogany frame.

The only heating was foot stoves the people brought to church with them. These were iron boxes filled with charcoal or a hot brick. In 1773 William Campbell gave the church two stoves which were not used until 1796. These smoked so much that a blacksmith was called in and he was unable to find any stove pipes attached to the stoves!

St. Paul's Church organized the first Sunday School in Canada and one of the oldest in the world. The Church was built on Barrington Street by the Grand Parade. Beneath the church are vaults and in these vaults are buried twenty people, some of whom are: Honorable Richard Uniacke and the Rev. Charles Inglis.

The Royal Standard is hung in St. Paul's and the choir wears red cassocks. Both of these great honours are permitted because this is a church of Royal Foundation.

An interesting thing is a stick that they used to use in the old day's to break up dog fights. People were allowed to bring dogs to church to keep their feet warm.

St. Paul's was not considered damaged in the Halifax Explosion yet the newspaper plant a block away was blown to bits and buildings all around fell down. There is an interesting "picture" in one of the windows where the glass was blown out in the shape of a man's head. They just put new glass over it so you can still see it.

St. Paul's is the church I go to and I like going to an old church that has had so many things happen in it.

Robbie Finley
Prep. 5
Age 10.

MAJOR GREY'S CURRY

Major Grey's Curry
Was very very hot.
You'd be surprised to know
It even burnt the pot.

In came the firemen
To try to put it out.
Out came cold water
From the hose's spout.

Major Grey got awfully mad.
"Stop, stop," he cried.
"You make me sad -
Hot meals are not all that bad.

So sit down and pass the curry;
It's the very best.
But, please, don't eat it in a hurry;
You'll want to enjoy the rest."

Chris Porter
Prep. 5
Age 9.

ALL THROUGH THE YEAR.

Through the leaves the wind blows,
The leaves rustle to the ground with the ease of beauty.
This is what will happen in Autumn.

The wind blows cool, the snowflakes fall,
The children play in the snow.
This is winter.

The children hang their stockings high
When Santa comes down the chimney and puts the presents
Under the Christmas Tree.
This is Christmas.

The lovers kiss their darlings in Valentine cards;
This is Valentine's Day.

The children gather up the Easter Eggs after the Bunny --
This is Easter.

The trees blossom and the flowers sprout,
Children play in the garden.
This is Spring and Summer.

And so this is the end of my story, children dear,
Until I see you soon next year.

Daniel Price
Prep. 2
Age 8.

A BAD STORM

One day I could not do a thing so I thought of our boat and I just remembered that I could go out to sea as far as I wanted. It was cold and there were icicles hanging from the boathouse. I had to wear my big thick jacket. I pulled the boat out of the boathouse and just when I was going to put it in the water, I remembered the dog. I ran up to the house and got him. My mother gave me a kiss and said, "Good luck". At last I was free, I said in a sort of weird way. I was told to be careful of the big whales in the deep water, which struck me funny and scared. When I was out about a mile from home, Koykoy my dog started to jump around and tipped us over. Luckily some ship came by. I did not know what kind it was. It was a pirate ship and I got on and there were three men on the ship. Me and my dog were chained and put in the jail they had. The captain came down to give me some food. I had a fight and killed him, then I fought the other two and killed them. Later I drove home where my parents and I lived happily ever after.

Robert Quigley
Grade 4
Age 9.

LET'S LOOK AT NEW ZEALAND

Yesterday I saw the Ambassador called Miss Hampton. She was sent out by the government of New Zealand, a country with good soil and farm land. Some of the best lamb and beef come from New Zealand. Race horses are also bred there. There are many dairy farms. In the movie I saw, the milk was being bottled in the dairy, where everything was automatic.

There are other interesting things in New Zealand, such as mountains, stalactites, caves, colourful birds, kiwis, tuataras, and kaola bears. The great mountains are enormous. The higher up, the colder, and people ski down these mountains. The colourful stalactites hang from the roofs of the caves. The kiwi with no wings cannot fly, and has a long beak for getting insects. The tuatara is a reptile and is harmless. The Koala bear looks like a teddy bear perching on a branch asleep. The weather in New Zealand is very hot. I like New Zealand very much.

Gregory Auld
Prep. 4
Age 10.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A MAGIC WINTER'S NIGHT

Softly, silently and slowly falls the fluffy, white flakes of snow. They dazzle your eyes and sparkle before your face. Yes, it is beautiful, but do you know how this happens? I found out one night.

I was awakened by a tap-tapping on my window. Crawling out of bed silently I swiftly slid over to my window.

I was surprised to find a small man with elfin-like features. He wore a dazzling silver suit which looked as if made of ice. He beckoned to me to follow, I woke my friend, Heather, and soon we were following the tiny creature.

"Follow me to my palace and I will show you my home and oh! My name is Jack Frost," he called.

When he spoke, his voice sounded like icicles tinkling together.

Heather and I were getting cold and, as if he read our minds, he handed us a sparkling silver mantle which was quite warm.

We reached his castle after a delightful walk. The castle was made of ice and glittered in the moonlight. There were many turrets and towers and servants and footmen.

We were led into the throne room. The walls were covered with tapestries embroidered with silver half-moons and stars. There were elegant rugs on the floor. The room was lit by a single luminous icicle in the middle. On the far side of the room stood the throne. It was not made of ice but it looked as if made of the rainbow itself.

We were led to a large table in the middle of the room under the icicle. Jack Frost clapped his hands and scores of elves appeared out of nowhere.

"We will have a feast. Bring food and drink for my special guests. They have come a long way with me. Hurry!" ordered Jack.

Soon we were brought our food. There were many delectable dishes, many of which I cannot describe, but at the end I recognized ice-cream. Good old ice-cream. Oh! but what a difference. It was all colours of the rainbow.

A Bad Situation Again

Safety, security and dignity falls the liberty, these fellows of ours. They should have one and another before-hand case. Yes, it is important. But do you know how [illegible] I found out one night.

I was [illegible] to a [illegible], [illegible] one of the [illegible] I [illegible] all over to my [illegible].

I was [illegible] to find a small [illegible] with [illegible] fashions. In such a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

After we had finished our refreshments Jack Frost showed us his castle. It was very beautiful. Jack then showed us his garden. Flowers that looked like white roses, flowers like daffodills. Oh! What a beautiful sight. We sighted a bench and stopped to rest, for we were tired. Jack told us about snowflakes.

"You know droplets of rain are formed when the water from streams, lake, puddles, and the sea evaporates. This cycle goes on during the year and finally when winter rolls around these tiny droplets freeze. When they freeze, they become the tiny snowflakes we see. No two are the same.

"As the snowflakes fall they cover roofs, church spires, fence posts, and other normal everyday objects and transform them into visions of beauteous joy."

Jack took us home again and it was hard to say good-bye, but he promised to visit us again.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Jack floated away, and we watched 'till he was out of sight. My, but it was nice to get back into bed and snuggle down.

Jack Frost helps form this beautiful scene. He paints our windows with his paint box of particles of the rainbow. He breathes on the window and, before it can fade away, he quickly paints on his designs. If you awaken early on a cold morning, you will find his pretty pictures of castles, fairies, and dragons which offer much enjoyment.

Maureen Latler
Prep. 6
Age 11.

IF I WERE A SETTLER

If I were a settler, I would come across the ocean in a boat. I would call it the "Mayflower". It would have a large crew, and the group of settlers also. The village we made would be called Plymouth. We would have log cabins and in the winter they would be very cold. In time, the village would grow larger. We would often be attacked by Indians. If they burned down the houses, we would go to the ship for safety.

Emanuel Jannasch
Prep. 3
Age 8.

THE FOUR SEASONS

In early spring, it may rain, and then freeze,
And in autumn the leaves fall from the trees.
In summer the leaves are green,
In winter nothing can be seen.

George Clarke
Prep. 3
Age 8.

THE SWORD

Many years ago there was a boy called Peter. He lived in a small house with his grandfather in the land of Drag. One day a king declared war on the king of Drag. The King needed many men to help him in battle against his enemy, but Peter's grandfather would not let him go, so Peter ran away to join the army. On the way to join the army he found a magic sword in a scabbard. He joined the army and went through training easily; then the day came when they went to battle. Peter had never yet been hurt. He went to battle and killed at least 20 people, with his wonderful sword.

When Peter came back, he was made a general in the army. Then he went out to war again. When he returned, he found out that the King had died. The people made Peter king, and he ruled the country fairly.

Matthew Burnstein
Prep. 3
Age 9.

"TWEETY-PIE"

or

"THE STORY OF A SPARROW"

One day in Ottawa I was walking down the lane which passed the Spick and Span cleaners, when I heard a faint cheeping. I looked in that direction, and there I saw a fledgling, kicking feebly. I picked it up and brought it home and showed it to my mother. She was not very pleased, and thought I should return it to where I found it, but I begged her and at last she let me have it. I took it up to my room, and fixed it a sort of nest in a basket.

I had named it Span, because I had found it behind the Spick and Span cleaners, but everybody got into the habit of calling it Tweety-Pie, and so I re-named it Tweety-Pie.

I did not know what on earth to feed it, but I fed it worms anyway. My mother called the SPCA, and they told us to feed it worms, insects, milk, and water. We fed it food with a pair of tweezers, and fed the water with an eye-dropper. The bird was getting its feathers, and from what we knew, it was a female English sparrow.

Tweety-Pie was flying now, so every morning I gave it flying lessons, by tossing her into the air and letting it fly to my bed.

We had not been giving it many insects because I could not catch any to give her, but I suddenly hit upon an idea. From then on the spiders never got a chance to eat because of my raiding their webs.

One day, I was looking at my bean plants and chanced to look under them. There were all the flies I needed! Now and then Tweety could enjoy a diet of bean flies as well. One day I took her to school. I never got my work done because Tweety kept cheeping for food. I never took her to school again; and my poor mother had to bird sit every day. I still had to get up at 5:00 in the morning to feed her, but quite often now it was six or seven o'clock. I realized that she was growing up. She was also eating seed now.

One day we went on a picnic in the Gatineau Hills, leaving Tweety behind on the top veranda to see if she would fly away. When we came back, she was gone. I was very sad, and I hope she did not get caught by a cat. But now I think she grew up and had a family of her own.

"[illegible]"

20

"THE [illegible] OF A [illegible]"

One day or other I was walking down the lane which [illegible] and then [illegible], when I heard a faint [illegible]. I looked in that direction, and there I saw a [illegible] [illegible]. I turned it on my hanger to [illegible] and around it to [illegible]. [illegible] and thought I should [illegible] to [illegible] it. But I hopped on and at last [illegible] it. I had it [illegible] to my room, and fixed it a nest of [illegible] in a basket.

I had [illegible] [illegible], because I not found it [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible], but everybody got [illegible] the habit of [illegible] in [illegible], and so I [illegible] it [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] it, but I did it [illegible]. My [illegible] called him [illegible], and they [illegible] to be fond [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible]. [illegible] fed it [illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible]. The bird was getting [illegible], and from [illegible] [illegible], it was a [illegible] [illegible].

Twenty-[illegible] was flying now, so every morning I [illegible] it [illegible], [illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible] and letting it fly [illegible] by [illegible].

[illegible] had not been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] because I could not [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible], but I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

My mother called up the SPCA and told them that the bird was successfully grown up and flown away. They said it was very remarkable for a 9-year old to bring up a bird, which is hard even for a grown-up to do.

Sarah Mainguy
Prep. 5
Age 10.

THE HIKE

Yesterday I was so glum;
I had to go hiking with my Mum.
"A great adventure by the sea!"
And Leslie and Robert would come with me.
Fifteen miles from the edge of town,
The car was stopped and we stepped down.
Over the hill and through the woods
We chugged with our knapsacks full of goods.
Soon we were glad we had somebody leading us
When we came to the rocks so big and igneous.
We climbed to the top of some very high rocks,
And looked down on the others like giants' blocks.
At the edge of a ledge we could see, above us,
The seagulls swooping with great progress.
All the time, all around us we could hear loudly
sounding,
The surge and the roar of the mighty sea pounding.

At the end of the day, walking home with my Mum,
I wondered why I had thought hiking was so glum?

Andrew Gillis
Prep. 5
Age 10.

THE SEA

Foaming and tossing is the sea
Rolling and pitching without a rest
Pounding on beaches around the world
Washing the sand as it knows best.

Its wonderous bottom
All covered with shells
Is a home for sea creatures
Away from the swells.

Its bountiful harvest
Is yielded each year
To stouthearted fishermen
Without any fear.

Gavin Buhr
Prep. 5
Age 10.

DINOSAURS

There was a great dinosaur,
Tyrannosaurus by name,
And all the other dinosaurs,
They hated him just the same.

He wanted them to like him,
But always tore them limb from limb.
He could not control his hunger,
And always was a bungler.

Michael Pugsley
Prep. 3
Age 9

THE SEA

The sea is rough,
The wind is tough,
The waves are white.
The wind blows
With all its might!
And the white-caps roar,
Onto the shore.
While the sea-gulls fly,
High in the sky.

Robert Boyd
Prep. 3
Age 8.

STAMP CLUB
First Row: L to R: M. Latter, A. Tibbetts, J. Glube, P. Talbot, E. Glube.
Second Row: I. Youle, M. Soares, J. Crosby, R. Shears, W. Slayter, C. Hase.

Prep 5 in Art Class

MY MUSEUM

I have always been interested in snakes and frogs and all sorts of reptiles and amphibians, but it wasn't until I went to Big Cove Camp that I decided that when I got home I would build a museum of my own. While I was at camp, Mr. Taschereau who works at the Museum of Science, came out to teach us about plants, shells, fossils, and many other things.

One morning we went on a hike to see how many interesting things we could find. I found many interesting plants and shells, some of which I had never heard of. I put the plants in a plant press, so I would be able to keep them without damaging them. I kept the shells in a plastic bag. I also collected many fossils and mosquitoe larvae and pupae which I kept in a large bottle.

One night, William Lim caught a Spring Peeper which he generously gave me to help me with my museum. The next day we had to go home and it was a lot of trouble to get all my shells and fossils into my suitcase, but I managed it.

I sent a letter to my brother telling him about my idea for a museum. When I got home, I found that my brother had caught 7 salamanders and a toad.

I got all my friends to help me collect for my museum. One friend caught a grass snake, and another gave me an aquarium to keep him in. About a week later I caught a small ring-neck snake.

In another section of my museum, I have the plants, shells, and fossils which I have labelled. I also have a wide variety of butterflies.

Just about 2 weeks ago I caught a two-and-a-half foot garter snake and a baby toad, which we still have.

I hope to add further specimens to my museum as time goes on.

Marcus Burnstein
Prep. 6
Age 11.

ESKIMOS

Their coats are called parkas and their boots are called mukluks. Eskimo dogs are called Huskies. The Eskimos travel on sleds pulled by Husky dogs and in canoes called kayaks. The mother carried the baby on her back.

In the summer they live in light homes called tents and in the winter they live in igloos. In the top of the igloo is a window.

Eskimo men hunt penguins, whales, and polar bears. Sometimes they burn blubber for oil. In the winter they cut holes in the ice to fish. They use polar bear skins for their clothes.

The sun shines all day and all night in the summer.

Drew Sullivan
Prep. 1
Age 8.

NATURE

The birds and the bees,
The flowers and trees
Have all to do with nature.

But the same old things
(Like birds have wings)
Are not true of every creature.

The curious animal, man,
All the way from New York to Iran
Has worked as if given a licence
To develop these branches of science:

The study of life - biology,
The study of animals - zoology,
The study of the body - physiology,
The study of bugs - entomology,
The study of birds - ornithology.

So about nature don't be a fool
For you're in the Halifax Grammar School.

Paul Price
Prep. 5
Age 10.

THE CONVERSATION

I am a seal so ready for play,
Will you play with me today?
I am a boy who wants a friend
And if I don't get one
I'll start a trend.
But there's nothing to worry about
'Cause I've got you -
And that's no doubt.

Charles Boyd
Prep. 2
Age 8.

THE GARDEN THAT WAS SAD

Once upon a time there was a garden. It was a sad garden because there were ten trees all around it. The little garden once could grow because the trees were small. Now the garden had no sunlight and no rain. One day a little fairy heard the seeds. This is what she heard -- "We will not grow because the trees hide the sun and rain. Then the fairy decided to change the place of the garden. In a few seconds the garden was in the palace grounds and it grew happily ever after.

Pamela Hanic
Prep. 2
Age 8.

IF I WERE A SEAMAN

If I were a seaman, I would be a fisherman too. I would have a trawler named "The Redfish'. It would have 11 men:- a mate, a skipper, and some men to get the fish salted and frozen. We would catch whitefish, catfish, salmon, herring, halibut, and haddock. Our plates would be attached to the table, in case of rough weather. We would set out our nets about fifty times and get about 1 or 2 thousand fish each time. We would make a lot of money. We would have several divers from the Research Council. They would get all sorts of interesting plants, including algae. When the nets came up, we would immediately start gutting the fish and smoking them.

Nicholas von Maltzahn
Prep. 3
Age 8.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A BOY

How nice it is to be a boy,
To run through the meadows full of joy.
To hear the wind loudly screaming,
And feel the sun so hotly steaming.

Over by the water hole,
Digging for worms comes the mole.
Eating what he likes,
Scampering over the dykes.

Nicholas von Maltzahn
Prep. 3
Age 8.

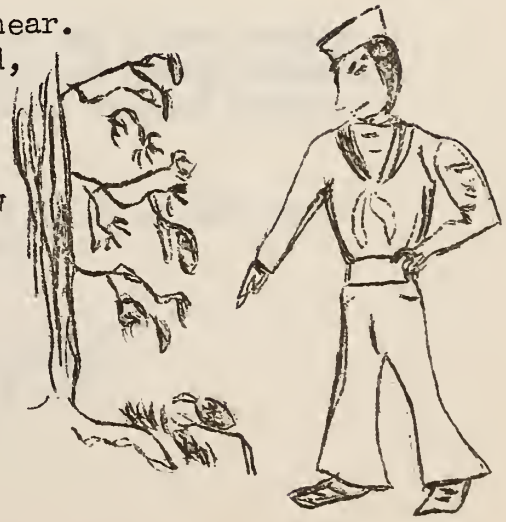
FLYING

It looks as if we were free in the sky,
Clouds look like snow as we fly by.
Inside the plane the motors roar,
I want to fly again some more.

Mary Elizabeth Morse
Prep. 3
Age 8.

A CONE

Once there was a pine cone who never went home.
He was dressed in yellow and never sang a mellow.
The mellow he sang was made of bangs
With the bangs he never made a sailor come near.
When the sailor came near the pine cone said,
"Where's your beer?"
When the sailor came near he said, "Ha, ha,
what can a pine cone do to beer?"
You never know, you never know when the snow
comes.



Geoffrey Reader
Prep. 2
Age 7.

VISIT TO H.M.C.S. NIPIGON

On Thursday, April 6th, I went with my class to H.M.C.S. Nipigon. Mr. Spencer had arranged with Commander Kirby to meet us at Jetty 2.

Mrs. Black let us off at Jetty 2. From there we walked to H.M.C.S. Terra Nova, went on board and crossed over a gang plank to H.M.C.S. Nipigon, where we met Com. Kirby who was still hopping around on a broken ankle. (He reminded me of David Welbourne who unfortunately couldn't come because of a broken leg.) Com. Kirby told us that Sub. Lieutenants Conroy and Creighton were to show us around. I went with some others with Sub. Lieutenant Conroy.

Sub. Lieutenant Conroy took us to the bow of the ship. There he showed us where the captain commands his ship in peace time. A man showed us how a certain type of sonar that takes depths works. Someone yelled through the intercom that we've declared war on our sister ship the H.M.C.S. Annapolis. "Man your battle stations."

To that we got Sub. Lieutenant's half startled half laughing reply, "What?"

The Sub. Lieutenant took us down ladders, through doors, down ladders again, to the helicopter deck. I couldn't help thinking, "Gee, what a nice place to play touch football."

From the helicopter deck we went down to the mortar. The mortar had three synchronized barrels. Then I saw five Navy divers. I showed them to Sub. Lieutenant Conroy so we all went over to watch them. On the way we passed a big thing that I thought was a depth charge. Sub-Lieutenant Conroy said it was sonar apparatus called the Little Nipper. He explained that when the Nipigon goes out to sea, it drags it around behind it. After we watched the divers, we went to the torpedo room. Most of them were dummies but some looked very powerful.

Then we went to the wardroom where we had a coke before we left. As a sort of fringe benefit we went to see Queen Victoria's barge. It is nearly a hundred years old and still in good repair. The Queen used it for cruising on the Thames.

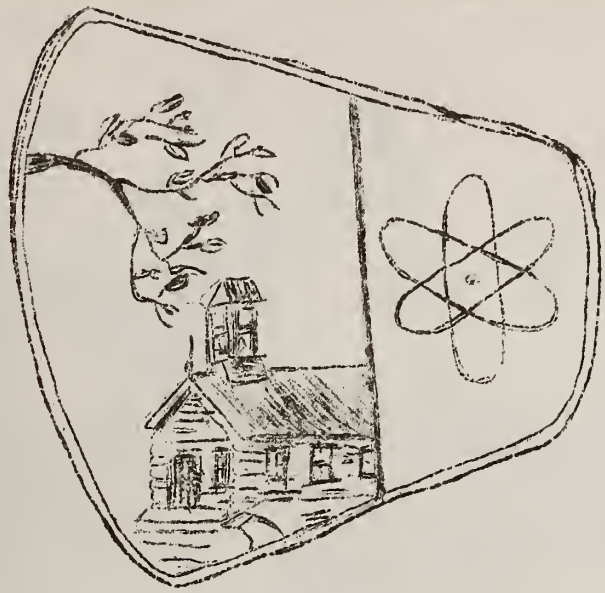
In all I had a wonderful morning. I think it was very kind of Commander Kirby to let us come on board.

Robert Grant
Prep. 6
Age 11.

THE FIRST TIME I SAW SANTA

On Sunday the 25th, in the month of December, it was very cold and the icicles hung from the roof. Our family sat by the fire warming our hands because we were just out getting our Christmas tree. A minute later we were decorating our tree. I hung the stocking by the fireplace. My two brothers did the job of cleaning up the room and my sister put presents under the tree. The last of all my father put the star on the tree. About one hour after we all went to bed. Then in the middle of the night I heard a noise down in the room where the fireplace was! I jumped out of bed and ran quickly down the stairs and into the room where I heard the noise. There in the middle of the room stood Santa unloading the presents from his pack. He was covered with soot. He had a big beard that went down to his chest. A plump little fellow with a pipe in his mouth. When he was through with his work up the chimney he rose. I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight, "Merry Christmas!"

Charles Piercey
Prep. 4
Age 10.



SENIOR SCHOOL

100 years ago, most students
attended the 'little red school house'
to obtain a meager education.
Today's Grammar School students
are taught such courses as
advanced Physics and Chemistry.

THE GRAMMARIAN STAFF

First Row, L to R: R. Mader, J. Welbourn, B. Newman, J. Gumpert, S. Neal, D. Tupper, B. Thomson.

Second Row: D. Morrow, D. Mader, S. Nichols, H. Henderson, H. Barton, G. Szulewicz, E. Murphy.

Editor-in-chief	James Gumpert
Assistant editor-in-chief	Susan Nichols
Literary Editor	John Welbourn
Assistant Literary Editor	Douglas Mader
Art Editor	Bernard Newman
Sports Editor	Stephen Neal
Assistant Sports Editor	David Morrow
Activities Editor	Gary Szulewicz
Circulation Manager	Douglas Tupper
Assistant Circulation Manager	Edward Murphy
Faculty Advisor	James Karr
Prep School Representatives	Heather Henderson Ronald Mader Bruce Thomson

The editorial staff of THE GRAMMARIAN wishes to express its sincere appreciation to all those who have contributed to the production of this issue of our annual magazine. We are particularly indebted to Mr. DeLong for photography, Mr. Delisi for aiding in the collection and editing of material, Addressograph-Multigraph of Canada, Limited, and to Mr. Hebb and NEW LEAF ENTERPRISES for their interest and helpfulness in producing this magazine in time for Open House. Most of all we appreciated the work of mothers who did a tremendous job of typing for us.

"I'm going to strawberry fields."

CHRISTOPHER CURTIS
"Kris Kringle"
Fame: witty repartee
At HGS: 8 years
Interests: track & field, boating
Ambition: to be a scientist.

STEPHEN GREENING
"Etienne Brule"
Fame: skill in cards and chess.
"3 aces and a deuce. . . Ha! I win"
At HGS: 9 years
Interests: literature, hockey
Ambition: to be a history teacher.

FORM SIX

JOHN MacLACHLAN
"Sunshine"
Fame: perpetual good humour
At HGS: 8 years
Interest: girls, politics, girls, history, girls
Ambition: to work with the government.

"I can't get no satisfaction."

"Why?"

RONALD MANN
"Ron the Man"
Fame: endless questions.
At HGS: 9 years
Interests: skiing, sailing.
Ambition: commerce or law.

"And Einstein was our first Prime Minister."

JOHN MORSE
"Moose"
Fame: a science whiz
At HGS: 7 years
Interests: physics, chemistry, hockey.
Ambition: to be a physicist.

LESLIE NASH
"Mother"
Fame: wild clothing; first girl in HGS.
at HGS: 3 years
Interests: art, music, literature, anthropology, coin-collecting.
Ambition: medicine or anthropology.

"You're maligning my character."

GORDON STEEVES
"Gordi-Babi"
Fame: protest poems.
At HGS: 8 years
Interests: sports
Ambition: to be a scientist.

"I'm all for Quebec . . . especially the girls!"

"But I still don't get it."

JOHN STEEVES
"Mackie"
Fame: sick jokes and bad puns.
At HGS: 7 years
Interests: getting his driver's license
Ambition: to be a mathematician

SCHOOL CALENDAR

School Opening	Sept. 8th
King Henry IV	Sept. 27th
Thanksgiving	Oct. 11th
Track and Field	Oct. 28th
Richard II	Nov. 3rd
Christmas Exams	Nov. 28th/ Dec. 2nd
Christmas Dance	Dec. 10th
Christmas Break	Dec. 23rd/ Jan. 4th
Snowstorm (Holiday)	Jan. 5th
Snowstorm (Holiday)	Jan. 7th
Sir John A. MacDonald	Jan. 11th
Mid Term Break (Cancelled)	
Symphony Concert	Feb. 22nd
MacBeth	Mar. 3rd
Winter Carnival	Mar. 17th
Easter Exams	Mar. 8th/ Mar. 14th
Easter Break	Mar. 23rd/ Apr. 3rd
Spring Dance	April 22nd
Open House	May 13th
Victoria Day	May 22nd
June Exams	June 5th/ June 9th
School Closing	June 14th

A. Aslin
Form 4
Age 15.

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THAT TIME OF YEAR

Every year at H.G.S.
There comes that dreadful date,
When everyone both old and young,
Is ordered to create.

"Grammarian time has come again!"
The English Master bellows,
"I want some work — creative work
From all you clever fellow!"

And then he sets a deadline
Which he says must be met;
But when the deadline rolls around,
Nothing's been written yet.

They don't give a darn for a student's yarn
To explain why he's failed to produce;
They just don't know how hard it is
To put one's mind to use.

Doug Mader
Form 3
Age 14.

PROGRESS

Hunt, roam
Savage beast;
Farm home,
Civilized peace.

Fire, tools,
Speech,
Fools.

David Scouler
Form 4
Age 14.

WHAT ARE WE

What have we done with this land that we own?
Have we fanned the sparks of our passions,
Or have we remained silent in indifferent reaction?
We have trampled the seeds our fathers had sown.

Where is the greatness that was promised our land?
Where are the men that stood tall in the frey?
Are they dead in this fast world of today?
What will become of this easternmost strand?

We are not dead for we have recovered.
We can show others that we are as strong,
To kindle the fire that was dead for so long,
To burn with the passion that we have discovered.

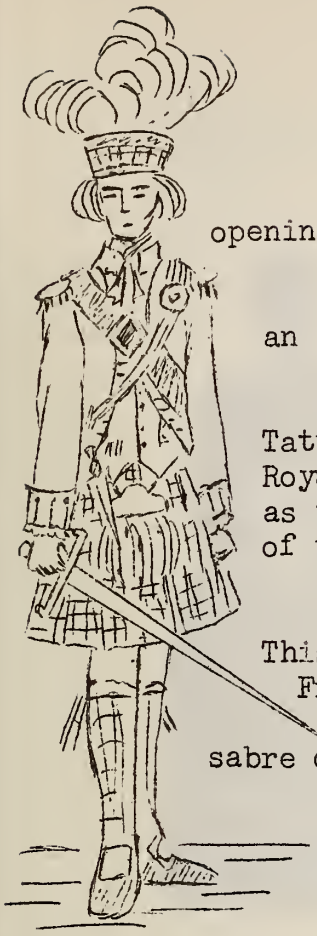
From the lowest to highest we shall mount,
For in this Centennial on all you, we count.

John MacLachlan
Form 6

THE SEASONS

Winter brings coldness,
And the fireside too,
Spring brings heaven,
And many flowers to you.
Summer brings parties,
And then the romance,
Then Autumn's trance,
And then black winter again,
That is the way the seasons go,
Back and forth when you're settled.

W. Slayter
Form 1
Age 12.



MILITARY TATTOO

On Thursday April 13, a classmate and I enjoyed the opening performance of the Military Tattoo.

The two-hour spectacle drew a standing ovation from an amused crowd of 3500 people.

The show began with an eight trumpet fanfare. The Tattoo's marching band, which includes servicemen from the Royal Canadian Army, Navy, Air Force and the Royal Dragoons, as the principle members of the band, came on with its first of three appearances.

In the year 1665 Canada was occupied by the French. This sector of Canadian history was depicted by life in a French fort in Quebec. Sound effects provided woodland noises and the French garrison provided a musket and sabre drill.

Next a Scottish garrison in 1782 was naturally headlines by the Black Watch pipes and drums and was accented by native Scottish Highland dancing.

Perhaps the most exciting part of the show followed the Scottish festival.

A naval gun race between two ships of the Royal Canadian Navy, 1813 edition, was staged. First, a squad of dockyard men constructed the training apparatus, and then two teams of about 10 men per team, each with one cannon, appeared, to take part in the race. The idea of the race was to be the first team to get a cannon ashore to support an imaginary ground assault. H.M.C.S. NIOBE won the race, which I saw beating H.M.C.S. SHANNON by approximately ten seconds.

The younger set were not forgotten during this show. After the naval race, "The Drummer's Dream" came to life. This particular act was outstanding in the dark, as luminous paint and bright costumes were worn by the two armies before the spotlights, which were excellent, were turned on. During this spectacle, goose-stepping toy-like soldiers preform mock battles humorously for a chocolate cake.

After the intermission, the very moving tribute to the Armed Forces in the two wars during this century brought the largest applause from the audience.

After a reconnaisance patrol and pipes and drums, a gymnastic display led to a rousing finale featuring massed bands and precision marching.

Throughout the performance, the lighting, costumes and music with the precision marching and numerous exciting and humorous stunts combined to provide a very enjoyable evening to top-rate entertainment for any Haligonian.

David Tripp
Form 4
Age 15.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL
First Row, L to R: M. Power, G. Steeves, J. Morse, D. Scouler, R. Mann.
Second Row: A. Tibbetts, D. Tripp, T. Howland, J. Creery, H. Corston.

ART CLUB
A. Tibbetts, E. Slayter, J. Crosby, P. Cochrane.

REFLECTIONS ON THE AGE OF SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION OF ADAM

As the age of man grows old,
The state of man decays,
Man grabs for power,
He wrests with God.
Does he win....?
Does he achieve his ideal....?
What ideal....?

His mind is confused,
His conversation continues,
Banal, Empty,
His sin so great, his days are numbered,
One will end all,
What power he holds, mad man out there,
Wiry finger poised on steel-cold knob
Temptation...
What temptation....!

His brain jumps, it laughs, it cries,
It howls.....
And the consequence....?
His realisation-
He screams.

War, war and more war,
Yes, he fought....They murmur,
He killed one man...They whisper,
He killed ten....He's admired,
He killed one thousand, They adore, they praise, They worship
He's their king.
Him? he killed none -- They despise,
And him? he died -- They laugh.

Man sinned.....
Men cried, -- man cheered.
Men suffered -- man sang,
Men starved -- man sneered,
Men died.....man danced.

The bomb is falling,
Man dances still,
The blast....
Silence, Clarity, nothingness,
Man reflects,
His soul travels in space,
He reflects on the past ---
The sin.....

The sight of God -- Man fears,
The touch of God --- Man surrenders, he repents,
The smile of God -- Man is forgiven.

Katherine Gray
Form 3
Age 14.

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THE ART CLUB

Among the extra curricular activities of the Halifax Grammar School is the Art Club. This club, under the direction of the Art teacher, Mrs. Fox, meets every Wednesday after school, from three-thirty to five o'clock.

The main idea of the Art Club is to provide an opportunity for students to exercise their artistic abilities during their spare time. Mrs. Fox encourages this group to express their own ideas, and not those of someone else.

The activities of the Art Club are extremely varied. Many of the fifteen regular attending members have done work with clay, asbestos, toothpicks, water and oil paint, oil pastels and charcoal. Paul Trapnell has done many oil paintings and, for the first try with oil paints, his pictures are very successful. Paul Cochrane has just completed a very nice ceramic tile wall plaque.

The main interest in the Art Club this year was linolium prints. These are done by cutting away the background of a design (the negative area) and when these are printed and matted they make very nice pictures and sometimes they can be used as cards.

Many of the members still prefer clay, and some very nice pieces have been turned out this year, and with the new kiln nearly completed, the art student can learn how to fire his own clay pieces.

The students who attended this year's Art Club have found it both profitable and very enjoyable.

Alan Tibbetts
Form 1
Age 13.

THE SPROUTING OF A CROCUS

It's getting warmer up there now
I was told by a twin who broke through
If I sprout soon I'll beat the plow
Just like last year when I grew.

Three days gone and yet no growth
Hardly any left like me
Just I and one other left here south
Of the oozing, seeping sea.

One more day and I feel the push.
I hope to come through at noon
But sprouting by sheltering bush
Would ease let down of greeting noon.

Finally through the softening wet
With new high spirits and drive
Though I'm up, I'm not quite set
To bloom and really be alive.

Charlie Mitchell
Form 5
Age 16.

DEPRESSION

± Save

Conflict, Cultural Differences...
Give Home in Church....
To them God is dead.

2 Save

Child watches T.V.,
Loses identity;
To understand is what is seen.

± Save

Needed help in helpless homes...
finks, fun, phonies
all give psychiatrists....

4 Save - THE END

EMPTY CITY GONE.....
LIFE CAPTURE IN '84...
BIG BROTHER RULES, KNOWS, SEES ALL.

Ron Mann
Form 6
Age 16.

THE HISTORY OF MINING IN NOVA SCOTIA

In 1604 Champlain visited Cap d'Or in what is now Cumberland County, attracted by Indian accounts of copper. Cap d'Or or Cape of Gold, received its name because the copper was mistaken for gold glinting under the sea. Later, in 1673 Nicholas Denys, an early French Governor of Nova Scotia, mentioned large seams of coal in Cape Breton Island. From then until the mid-eighteenth century coal was mined on a small scale in the area.

Since then coal has been discovered and mined in many other areas throughout the province. The Cape Breton County field now produces 85% of the province's coal. In Inverness County, coal occurs in detached basins at Port Hool, Mabou, Inverness, St. Rose and Chimney Corner. The Pictou field coal has been mined for a century and a half, mainly in the towns of Westville, Stellarton and Thorburn. There are two coal fields in Cumberland County, the Springhill and River Herbert. The Springhill collieries are the deepest in North America.

During the years 1861 - 1867 twenty-five Nova Scotian ports were shipping gypsum to the United States and with few exceptions, even to-day, all producing properties are controlled by United States' interests. With one exception, even to-day, all production is United States controlled. This one Canadian plant produces finished products within the province. These consist of insecticides, fungicides, plaster of Paris, dental plaster etc. The building boom in Nova Scotia has rocketed production to its peak of over 5 million tons in 1959.

The earliest recorded exploration for copper in the province was near Caribou, Pictou Co., in 1828 but no production was recorded. The first copper ore mined was chalcopyrite from Copper Lake, Antigonish Co., in 1876. The most prominent deposits worked were those at Cap d'Or where native copper occured in breciated trap rock; chalcopytire at Coxheath, Cape Breton and chalcocite at various points along the Wallace River near Wentworth, Colchester County.

Between 1849 and 1906 iron ore was mined almost continuously at Londonderry, Colchester County and at Torbrook, Annapolis County. The first charcoal furnace was erected in Londonderry in 1852 and the first steel mill in 1870. Four blast furnaces were in operation during the life of these mines. The ores were principally lematite and limonite with ankerite being used as a flux. The ore from Torbrook had an undesirably high phosporous content and was shipped to Londonderry to mix with that ore.

The first specific record of the mining of barite was in 1896 from the Trout Brook district in Inverness County where the ore was taken by team to Whycocomagh and shipped by water to the Henderson paint plant in Halifax. In 1940 a barite showing near Walton, Hants County, was diamond drilled and eventually proved to be one of the largest single deposits of barite in the world. Production began in 1941 and has continued to the present, with Magnet Cove Barium Corporation currently producing around 250,000 tons annually.

The first discovery of gold in Nova Scotia was made in 1858 by Captain C. L'Estrange. In 1860 John G. Pulsiver took some samples to Halifax from the Mooseland area but little enthusiasm was shown until the next Spring when many more showings were made.

In May 1861 Tangier and Mooseland were officially surveyed and proclaimed gold districts and eventually 40 such deposits were proclaimed throughout the Province. By 1900 a record of 33,955 ozs. of gold was achieved. Total production to date is 1,143,000 ozs. of gold recovered.

Rock salt was first mined in Canada at Malagash, N.S. in 1918 by the Malagash Salt Company. Later, activities were transferred to Pugwash where the Canadian Rock Salt Company took over operation with the addition of a modern multi-million dollar evaporator plant. In 1946 brining operations were begun on a huge deposit of salt discovered at Nappan, Cumberland County and is producing numerous types of fine quality evaporated salt products. Combined annual production from the two operations approximates 400,000 tons.

Much of the Province has yet to be adequately explored for mineral deposits of economic worth. The upland regions, in particular, await detailed investigation. It will be the work of the scientist and engineer to find the minerals that lie hidden in the hills.

Bill Burton
Form 4
Age 15.

FORM III's NOON HOUR

Open that door!
When I get in you'll wish you hadn't!

Thanks!, Heh! you, hold that kid,
I want him. You may laugh now,
but you wait, I'll get you later.

Quit throwing that chalk!
You're going to hurt someone.
I see everybody is doing their
homework, that question 25 took
me a long time, are you only
on number 10? Better hurry
you've only got 5 mins.
Anybody know what's first period?
....ls! leave my books alone.
All right now you can pick them up.
Look out ----row! here comes
.....ich.

Who did it? Who wrote The Pink
Panther Strikes Again!!! all over
my briefcase?

Form III this is the last time
I am going to tell you get your
books and get to your first class.

Buzzzzzzzzzzz!
Where do we go first?
I don't know.

Assembly! Assembly! Assembly!

I hope it's a long one.
I have not done my homework
for our first class.

Jamie Steeves
Form 3
Age 14.

LES GARCONS PIRATES

Il-y a trois garçons dans un petit bateau et ils jouent aux pirates. Ils le jouent dans cette rivière qui va au Rhône. Ils jouent dans cette rivière et ils ne remarquent pas qu'elle coule très vite. Finalement, ils vont au Rhône. Ici la rivière va très vite. Les trois garçons ont peur et ils plongent dans l'eau. Ils nagent et finalement ils arrivent a terre. Ils marchent au bord de la rivière jusqu'au soir pour trouver leur petite rivière mais ils ne la trouvent pas. Ils dorment au bord de la rivière cette nuit-la et ils trouvent au matin le petit village de pêche ou se trouvent leurs maisons. Leurs parents sont très fâchés et les trois garcons ne vont plus a la riviere;

David Rhude
Form 3
Age 15.

L'ÎLE MYSTÈRIEUSE

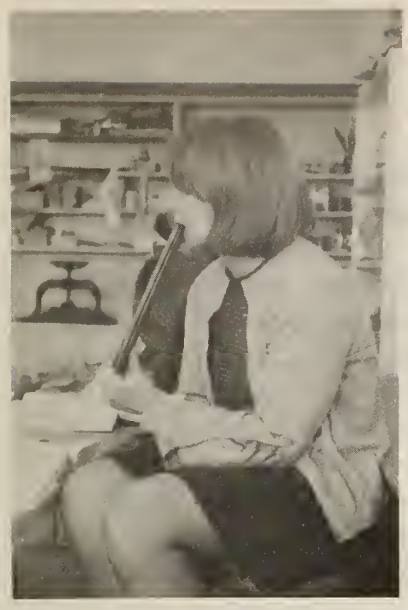
Soudain le brouillard commenca a descendre jusqu'à ce qu'on ne pouvait plus voir. Nous étions a cinquante kilomètres de la côte et nous ne pouvions pas faire appel à l'assistance. Nous flottions avec le courant quand soudain nous choquâmes la terre. Nous descendâmes de mettee pied à terre. En débarquâmes, nous étions choqués. Quoique nous fussions à l'Actique nous nous trouvâmes sur une île tropique. Nous explorions l'île pour découvrir si l'on y habitait quand tout à coup nous fûmes entourés par beaucoup d'indigènes. Ils semirent à nous attaquer quand tout à coup je me reveillai. Je l'avais seulment rêvé.

Harris Barton
Form 3
Age 14.

LE COUCHANT DU SOLEIL

Quand le soleil se couche le monde donne à l'homme un si beau tableau de la Nature. Les nuages sont colorés de rouge et rose. Toute la vie dans les forêts et les champs s'arrète. La lune se lève entre les arbres comme un grand ballon. Il fait plus froid maintenant, mais la beauté dans le ciel reste pendent plusieurs instants. Le rose commence à changer au rouge, au bleu, au poupre, et finalement au noir - tout noir.

Peter Brown
Form 4



GIRL BITES SLIDERULE

SPRING?

PREP 5 INVADES NIPIGON.

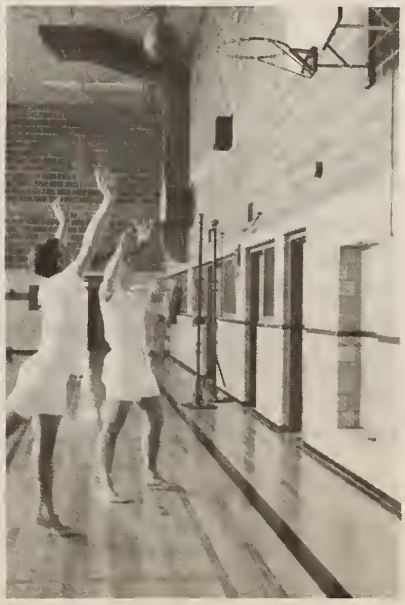
FRENCH CONVERSATION: WE WELCOME HECKLERS!

SZULEWICZ AND MITCHELL WATCH THE BOUNCING BALL

LET'S SEE THEM PICTURES!

FORM SIX BOXED IN

ACTION!



BALLET, ANYONE?

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE

The supreme art of ancient Egypt, their architecture, has been a primary contribution to world architecture. The modern architect can learn much from the severity and grandeur of its masses, its sculpturesque qualities, and its treatment of large spaces. The ancient Egyptians created a very unique style of architecture, in that its older works have lasted for as long as forty-six centuries. Even when the Stone Age in Europe was coming to a close, Egypt was already an advanced civilization, and had built many large monuments still standing today. A "step pyramid" built in 2700 B.C., is the oldest free-standing stone structure in the world.

With almost no timber available, the Egyptians worked with stone -- the limestone, granite, and sandstone quarried from steep cliffs bordering the Nile Valley. They would cut and fit it so perfectly that even without mortar, walls remained solid and secure. However, they reserved stone only for tombs and temples, and used mud bricks for all other buildings, even the palace of the King, (the Pharaoh). These lesser buildings have long since crumbled and vanished.

The main influences on the architecture of the day were religion, the simplicity of their tools, and the climate, always clear and warm. The extremely bright sunshine led to designs of great simplicity. Windows were little used, for roof slits and doors let enough light into the interior. Thick, solid walls gave protection from the intense heat. Religion really dominated the life of the Egyptians. Believing that all things - living or inanimate - had a spirit and that preservation of the body insured a life in the spirit world after death, they built structures to protect their dead. Temples and tombs were very important; they built them to last. Portrait statues of the Pharaohs, which assured the continued spiritual life of the Pharaohs, were much used. They were carved out of solid stone; the Great Sphinx of Cheops at Gizeh, seventy-five feet high, was carved out of an outcrop of desert limestone in 2500 B.C.

In their efforts to preserve their spirits, the Pharaohs built more than seventy pyramid tombs of various sizes. One of the largest and best known of them is the Great Pyramid of Cheops. This pyramid is about five hundred feet high, covers thirteen acres of desert and contains about 2,300,000 blocks of sandstone. These average two and a half tons each, and are fitted into a solid mass cut only by narrow passages to the inner chambers. Originally, it was covered with a sloping smooth surface of fine white limestone with almost invisible seams. It is not surprising that it took one hundred thousand men thirty years to complete this pyramid, when we consider that they cut, hauled, and fitted the stone only with the aid of ramps, rollers, and their own muscles. They built so well, that Arabs later said, "All the world fears Time, but Time fears the pyramids".

Temples were built by the Pharaohs as pledges of devotion and offerings to the gods. Generally, two massive gateway towers would form the entrance of the temple which was approached by a broad avenue of sphinxes and fronted by two tall obelisks.

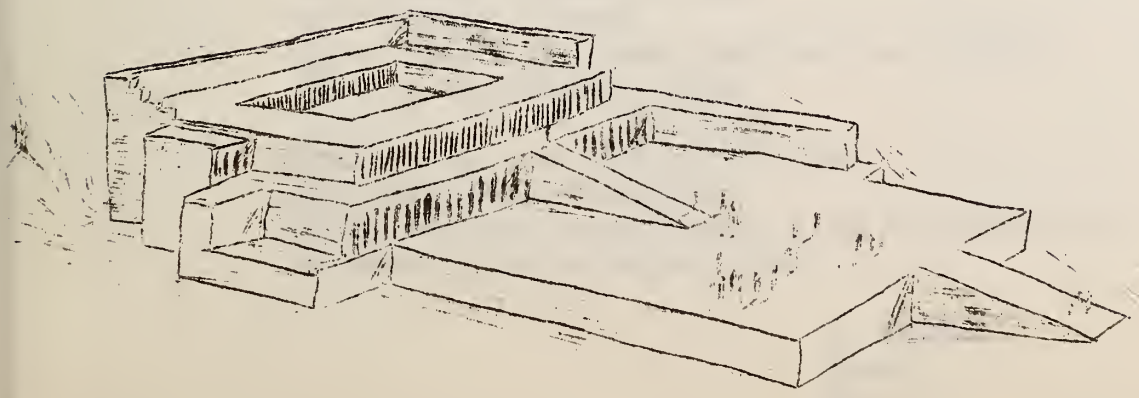
One particularly noble and unique temple if Deir-el-Bahri, built in 1500 B.C. against sheer stone cliffs. The three vast terraces are open courts that are connected to each other by broad sloping ramps. The top terrace, with a sacrificial hall and ancient altar, leads to the sanctuary carved deep into the rock.

The exterior of the temples, as in all Egyptian buildings, had sloping walls. This was derived from the shape of the pyramids, which were known to resist the tremors of earthquakes.

Columns and pillars have an important function in all early styles, and Egyptian architecture is no exception. The distinctive character of the Egyptian columns which lasted for some three thousand years, usually suggests natural growth, as a bound collection of budding or flowering stalks.

The Great Sphinx, the pyramids, temples, obelisks -- these symbolize Egypt to us. Thousands of years have gone by since Egyptian workers erected their massive stone structures, but their architecture remains and the skill that produced it is marvelled at even today.

Keith Farndale
Form 5
Age 16.



THE LONENESS OF MAN

In the night he walks,
There is a feeling in this
Springnight; the loneness of man.
He can hear the silent rain,
Misting on the dirty, black street.
How like the insane we seem,
Needing help constantly.
Now look at the solitary man;
Can he hear the sounds
Where he is not?
Do they strike him deaf,
like those nearby?
No longer is he the solitary man,
For see, the masses off to work.
The sun becomes fatter
And the light is warm to the skin,
Till one is forced to shy
as the Scorpion.

Taxies create more dirt,
Driving into the afternoon.
Fighting the metal serpent
strong, winning hours late.
Turned headlights appear
in the mists of night.
Still he has not the chance,
Another night moves on.
The buildings are darker now
and the time is right,
The world is at its darkest.
Wait, do not sleep.
Now is your time; Think -
Solitary at last.
Wake up, wake up,
Now is your time, Think.

Gordon Steeves
Form 6

ODE TO THE CLICHÉ

In all the world of language --
(The source of all we say) --
There is not a phrase so cursed at
As the poor, put-down cliché.

Oh those "too, too" tired-out words,
That worked so hard in their day,
Those such as "nice" and "John Hancock"
Are unworthily shoved away.

Have you ever stopped to wonder,
As the day turns into eve,
Just what will ever happen to
"Well, then, would you believe."

"Hit the sack" and "Bye for now"
Some people think are "rank",
But I can't stand "and that's for sure"
And "Put a tiger in your tank".

But usually I find it hard
To ridicule clichés
When "That's for sure" and "How are tricks"
Gave us their better days.

This is the end of my little ode
To really "cute" clichés;
I'll remember those phrases like "Oh, buck up"
On some of those future days.

D. Kennedy
Form 4
Age 15.

THE UNDESERVED REPUTATION

The idiot box, the boob tube, the mediocrity trap, the mind dementer - what are these terrible weapons? Are these what China will use to destroy us? What? These terms are terms for the same thing? Certainly, we are doomed. Well, you can stop quivering. I am referring to television. I am sure you have heard at least one of these terms used to describe the appliance no home can be without. I must admit that I am sick of hearing television being downgraded.

It is possible that the first three terms I used could apply to television, but they certainly should not be used maliciously. If television's sole purpose were for educating one, or presenting shows that could happen in real life, then I feel sure that television would have died a rather rapid death after its conception. To analyze exactly what makes television "tick", one must first determine its purpose.

In this present day world, with the constant striving to succeed, there is little time to stop and rest from this mad search to be first. But, during these "rest periods," what does one wish to do? To read a book on how to succeed, to go to a lecture on present day economic theories? I really do not think so. One wants to be amused, or at least to watch something that probably would not happen in real life. What better way is there than television? Thus, I believe that the essential purpose of television is to create enjoyment for all.

Television has something for everyone, as the saying goes. It is very easy to downgrade television. Everyone can find at least one show he can like, but unless he is nondiscriminating, and few people are, he will not like everything. Thus, he will say something like, "Besides such and such, television is a most stupid thing." Television has given him some enjoyment, but he will insult it until everything on it is geared for him. Until a perfect show is invented, that everyone can like, and also be of twelve hours length every day, television will have to put up with its derogatory status.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Television is probably the best media in the world. What radio station, in the middle of a program, will interrupt it and put on a "flash"? Television will, and when this is done, people will say, "My show has been destroyed." When it is not done, they will say, "Typical, a comedy was more important than a plane crash." This is another example of how television just cannot win. People will watch the election reports on television year after year, and year after year they will say how terrible it was, but they will keep coming back to it.

What happens when a show of really good quality comes along? The Danny Kaye show, which needs no explanation; the Rogues, which had David Niven and Charles Boyer as stars; and Wojeck, a realistic appraisal of police life, were all destroyed by low ratings. Where were those people who were clamoring for good entertainment? Watching a country and western music show.

What alienates women most from television is sports. They complain about the football or baseball doubleheaders, never thinking that on the week-days, morning and afternoon, shows are created specifically for them. Television thus has tread the middle path, and typically, has had its "fingers wrapped".

The Nielsen ratings, which apparently determine a show's popularity, are very revealing. During "prime time television", each of the three networks has a rating of about eighteen. This means that of one hundred television sets, eighteen are turned on to that network. By simple arithmetic, over one-half (fifty-four per cent) of the television sets are on. To me, this is an amazing number. Was there talk of abolishing the Republican party because less than half of the people voted for them? Does the public prevent a football team from playing if it loses half its games? No! So why talk of abolishing television? It seems obvious to me that over half of the people like television at a particular time, and this is very good, considering how varied a race we are. Let's stop looking for bad points, and start talking of the obviously good points.

Stephen Greening
Form 6
Age 16.

A STUDENT'S CRITICISM OF THE HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Nineteen-sixty seven at the Halifax Grammar School is undoubtedly the most prosperous and useful year in the school's short history. As a student at the Grammar School since it opened its first door on 1084 Tower Road in nineteen-hundred and fifty-eight, I have a special interest in the school and what it stands for. With the financial position of the school consolidated and a successful graduating class in nineteen sixty-six, the incubation period of the school is over. Halifax Grammar School is beginning to be recognized in Halifax as worthwhile.

But we still have a long way to go. The main fault with the school is the subtle damper on non-academic activities by the administration. The policy makers of the school apparently do not recognize any non-academic activity as profitable.

Little is done in the creative and productive fields of music, dramatics, and art appreciation.

Lately the United Nations Club, the Great Books Club, and the Science Club have failed. There remain only two clubs in the school: the Art Club and the Stamp Club.

Sports are not encouraged. The school does provide an hour and a half Y.M.C.A. period each week. This program, although it used to be two hours long, is excellent. A hockey team does exist. Unfortunately, although it played many games with outside schools this year, the school team lost each game. There was no support by the student body. The team, consisting of everybody who wanted to play, is weak. A soccer team existed but it played only two games this year with other schools. Myself, I do not participate any more in soccer or hockey; the morale of the teams, and of the student body, is so low I go elsewhere for sports activities.

The attitude of the administration is to attract parents rather than students to the school. Like many other students in the school, when asked what school I go to, I am embarrassed to say The Halifax Grammar School.

PROPOSAL

Now that the academic standard of the school is high, let us concentrate on non-academic activities. It should be compulsory for each student to participate in a certain number of sports and clubs. The school should have a large sports budget, providing for an "A" and "B" hockey team; a basketball, soccer, and ski team.

We should participate as a school in the Provincial Headmasters Track and Field, Swimming, Skiing, Soccer, and Hockey competitions.

The School program should include extensive work in music, dramatics, and art appreciation.

School teams should enter television programs, such as "Reach for the Top" and "High Society."

The Grammarian should not be a publicity stunt to attract parents, but a year book for the students.

Ron Mann
Form 6
Age 16.

SUMMER STORM

The surf pounded against the shore,
The spray was splashing free,
The rain poured on the sand,
And the wind blew through the trees.

The clouds were dark and black,
The lightning flashed through the sky,
The thunder rumbled, and then it roared,
And the shivering earth saw the frightened birds fly.

Then the rain stopped,
The lightning ceased,
And the sun began to glow,
And through the misty gloom
The grass began to grow.

J. Bell
Form 3
Age 14.

STRICTLY UPPER CLASS

Yeh! You mean the one that deflected off his glove.
Did you see that blond on Inglis? Man!
Did you get number 4?
    WILL YOU PLEASE SIT DOWN AND BE QUIET. I'VE GOT A HEADACHE.
Cool it - he's in a lousy mood.
Don't forget the slips.
Slips, please!
Heh! Heh!
    HANG ON NOW. IS EVERYONE HERE?
The board sire, don't forget the board - I'll sign it, ok?
    DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY PROBLEMS?
Yeh - I've got lots.
Could you do number 4.
    HOW MANY WANT NUMBER 4? OH - WELL IT'S JUST A MATTER OF
    COMPLEXITY. ONCE YOU HAVE THE EQUATION JUST PLUG IN THE VALUES.
No sire - here I've got an easy way. Only 3 lines.
What did you do that for?
    IT FOLLOWS DIRECTLY FROM THE BASIC DEFINITION.
Heh! _____n look what someone wrote on the side board.
    NOW DOES EVERYONE UNDERSTAND IT?
No sire. In line one, why - ?
Excuse me for interrupting but these notices must be given out now.
I'm going to be sick this afternoon.
Number 6 sire, page 210?
    ____S, WOULD YOU PUT NUMBER 5 ON THE BOARD.
Well - I did them all up to number 5. I spent about an hour on
it --- .
    _____E, WILL YOU PUT YOUR SHOES BACK ON.
Hummm -- I've heard that one before. Sounds like Baytoven's 13th.
Hey! That's the buzzer. What've we next?
Will you shut up! We've got _____h next and I haven't done my
homework yet.
    DON'T MOVE UNTIL WE FINISH THIS PROBLEM. FORM III, WILL YOU
    GO BACK OUTSIDE.

John Steeves
Form 6
Age 17.

Members of the Nova Scotia Ski Team

Ronald Mann, Tobias Norwood

D. Dumaresq, A. Merchant and K. Norwood ''snap the whip''.

Ronnie's Bashful

Shussing Anyone?

A ski-fun lodge

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

The achievements of the H.G.S. Student Council for 1966-67 were once again outstanding.

The members of the Council, John Morse, President, Gordon Steeves, Vice-President, Michael Power, Secretary, David Scouler, Treasurer, with the representative of each of the Upper School forms, have again completed an eventful year for the student body.

The year was studded with various events, some of which broke records set by previous years.

Perhaps the most astounding of the year's events was the Slave Auction, which rang in a record breaking high of $44.55. While the Auction excitement buzzed through the school around the beginning of November, talk of a dance held the sidelines. On December 10 the Grammar School students bounced to the rocking music of The Lost Children at the Diocesan Centre. Also in December a committee was set up to organize a program of games for the student body. Tom Howland and Mike Power set up a record raffle, and a fudge sale was put on with the help of the H.G.S. girls. This again brought more income to the account.

Tom Howland, heading the Winter Term Committee, set up a ping-pong tournament for forms I, II, III and is now in the act of having one for forms IV, V, VI.

After the regular season had been completed in hockey the Student Council managed to buy some prime ice time at St. Mary's to stage a hockey game against Q.E.H. grade 10 team. This was one of the many games lost.

To boost the spirits and get in shape for June exams a dance will be held at the Diocesan Centre, April 22nd, with music by The End of the Line. Again the dance promises to be another success with more good music, refreshments and fun.

So to end with an old cliché, all in all the Student Council has turned in a year well worth lauding and put the foot of progress another step forward.

Michael Power,
Secretary.
Form 4
Age 15.

"1967"

One hundred years of stress and strife
Our future has never looked so bright.
We celebrate and jump with glee,
To be so happy and so free.

Of our heritage we are proud
And to the world we tell aloud:
"Sixty-seven is the year,
So come on people, hurry here."

Oh Canada, that wondrous place,
It's the country that keeps the pace.
Expo is our main event,
Lodge in house, room, or tent.

Look around; have a ball.
You'll have time to see it all.
This world of ours at which we stare.
It's represented at the fair.

Don't miss this marvel of our time;
Nothing has ever been so fine.
Come alone, or bring some friends
Before 1967 ends.

Carl Reid
Form 4
Age 15.

GRAMMARIAN

Do you know what you ought to buy?
And do you have a reason why?
I'll show you what to buy
And a reason why.
You ought to buy The Grammarian
And some of the reasons why
Are the poems that are told
So buy The Grammarian before they are all sold.

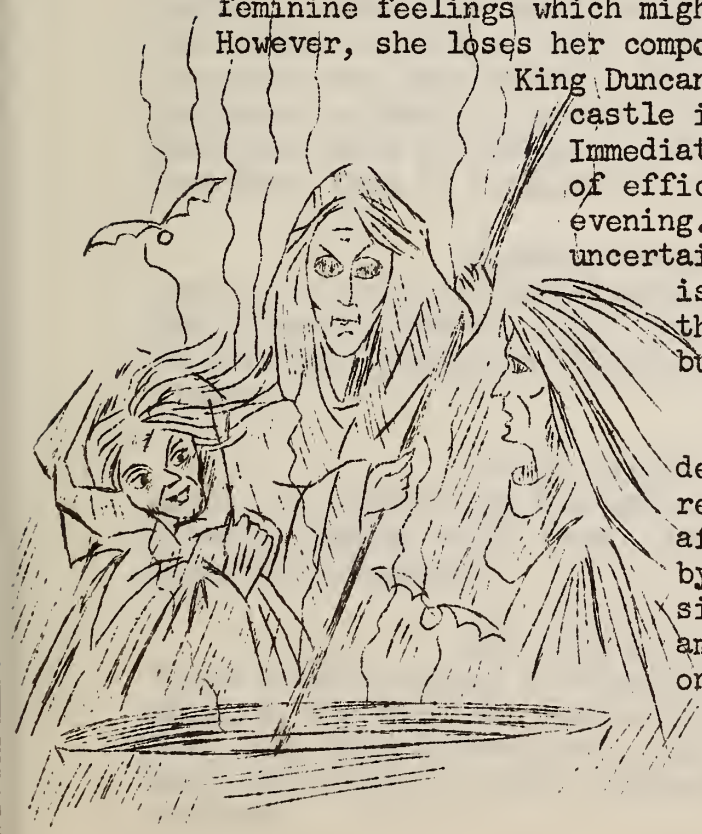
David Morse
Form 1
Age 12.

MACBETH

On March 3, Forms IV to VI attended the film presentation of the Shakespearean play 'MacBeth' directed by George Schaeffer. With the beautiful Scottish hills and mysterious, ancient castles and heaths, as a setting, the film made the story of MacBeth unforgettable in drama and in colour.

The play opens with three witches appearing, haggard, faces wrapped in old, gray cloaks, chanting "fair is foul, foul is fair; hover through the fog and filthy are". This powerful, supernatural atmosphere is immediately followed by a scene of blood and battle as the heroic deeds of MacBeth and Banquo are vividly described to King Duncan. In the next scene MacBeth reveals the power of the witches over him as he describes the weather as both "foul and fair". Appearing from swirling clouds of mist, the three witches tell MacBeth and Banquo of their future, prophesying MacBeth as Thane of Cawdor and king, and Banquo as the head of a line of kings. The witches suddenly disappear as two men ride up, greeting MacBeth with the title - Thane of Cawdor, awarded him for his valour. At this point MacBeth realizes the possible truth of the prophecies, but that in order to become king he may have to betray his king's trust in him.

At the castle Lady MacBeth, played by Judith Anderson, receives a letter from her husband explaining the mysterious events, and she, who realizes this is a chance for them to gain the crown, decides to make herself hard to any feminine feelings which might stand in the way of this gain. However, she loses her composure as a messenger reports that King Duncan will spend the night at the castle in their honour and trust. Immediately Lady MacBeth regains her air of efficiency and begins to plan the evening. By the time MacBeth arrives, uncertain of what he should do, Lady MacBeth is resolved to murder Duncan while they have the opportunity and nags and bullies her husband until he agrees.

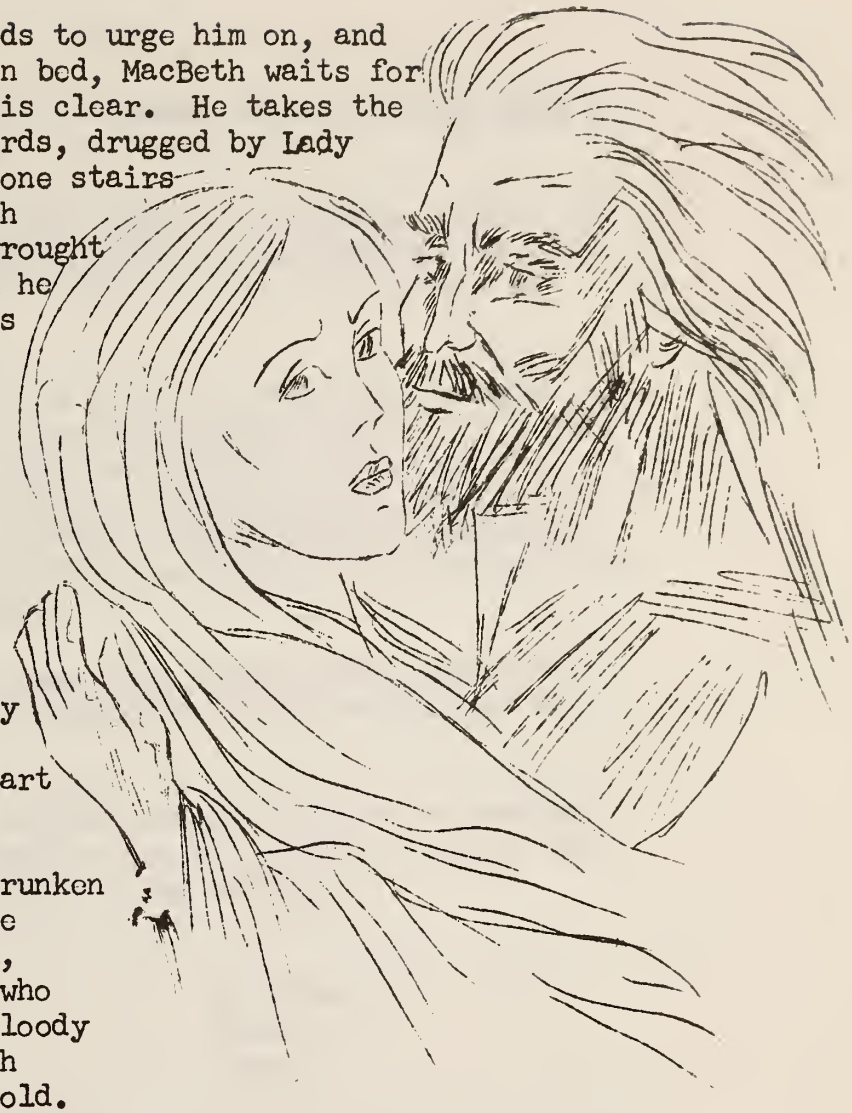


Later in the evening, MacBeth, depressed with uncertainty of the deed, reveals his fears and doubts of the afterworld in a soliloquy which he ends by saying, "I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent, only vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other."

[illegible]

On March 2, Jones 17 to 21 presented the film [illegible] of the [illegible] play, [illegible] directed by [illegible] Theatre. [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] the story of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The play [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



Again Lady MacBeth needs to urge him on, and finally after everyone is in bed, MacBeth waits for his wife's signal that all is clear. He takes the daggers of Duncan's bodyguards, drugged by Lady MacBeth, and ascends the stone stairs to Duncan's chamber. MacBeth murders Duncan, but is so wrought with guilt and emotion that he forgets to leave the daggers by the guards and staggers down the stairs where Lady MacBeth is waiting. She scorns his weakness, takes the bloody daggers, returns them to their owners, and smudges their clothes with the blood. She, too, becomes wrapped in fear and guilt and staggers down the staircase. As they grasp each others' hands to return to bed, they slip apart because of the blood.

In the next scene a drunken porter, pretending he is the porter at the gates of hell, admits MacDuff and Lennox, who upon discovering Duncan's bloody body send up the alarm which awakens the sleeping household. MacBeth, wishing to show his innocence and surprise, murders the two guards to make it seem their guilt. He expounds on his innocence and Lady MacBeth, afraid that he will give them away, pretends to faint to draw the attention away from him. Afraid that they will be blamed for their Father's murder, Malcolm and Donalbain flee to England and Ireland.

MacBeth becomes King of Scotland and becomes jealous of Banquo's inheritance. He hires three murderers to get rid of Banquo and his son. That evening they lay waiting for both to ride by; Banquo is killed and left in a ditch but Fleance escapes.

At the castle a grand banquet is being held in honour of MacBeth and his wife. During the meal MacBeth sees the ghost of Banquo enter three times, and completely ruins the feast with his outbursts.

The film left out the next scene in which the three witches return to show MacBeth apparitions which warn him of MacDuff, and tell him that only a man not born of woman can harm him, only when Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane. MacBeth then feels more confident but still decides to kill MacDuff, who flees to England.

Left out also was another scene in which MacBeth sends men to kill Lady MacDuff and her son.

In England MacDuff tries to persuade Malcolm to take the English troops against MacBeth. Ross brings the news of the slaughter of MacDuff's family and the three agree to invade Scotland.

At the castle the grief of the murders begins to lie heavily on Lady MacBeth. Her gentlewoman calls in a doctor and together they watch her sleep-walking at which time she constantly rubbs her hands which she thought still had blood on them. MacBeth, who becomes aware of Lady MacBeth's condition calls in a physician, but she still lays close to death and dies as MacBeth prepares for battle.

The English armies advance and are ordered to cover up their numbers with boughs from Birnam as they go to Dunsinane.

In the last colorful and exciting scene MacBeth and MacDuff fight until MacBeth is hurled over the wall of the castle fulfilling the prophecies of the witches.

S. Nichols
Form 3
Age 15.

AIR POLLUTION

Today the word air pollution touches off thoughts of choking odours, dark days, and an overall feeling of depression. For many, this is the extent of its evils, but to some, these two words have spelled death. Just how much longer we shall continue to pay a large price in human suffering and even dollars and cents by continuing to use the atmosphere as a waste pile is difficult to say.

The causes of air pollution are varied, and the seriousness of the situation is in general linked with the population density. Automobiles are prime offenders. The exhaust of most cars contain several harmful gases which are the result of incomplete combustion. Among these, the gas, carbon monoxide is known to be deadly poisonous. Studies are being made now which are trying to relate the percentage of this gas in the blood to driving accidents. Unfortunately, laws to prevent this form of poisoning are few and positive action has been confined to a few large cities. In New York, it is now illegal to idle your engine while parking. This year all cars sold in California are required by law to have special exhaust treating systems. These will greatly reduce the amount of carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide expelled into the air.

In cities where low grade coal is used for fuel and power, thick black clouds of smoke are a common sight. It is indeed ironical that here in Halifax the hospitals are among the prime offenders.

The problem in western Canada is different, and arises from the inter-action of wastes from automobiles, smoke stacks, and industry, especially the petrol-chemical industries. Many of the waste gases are non-toxic by themselves, but upon mixing, they form products which produce effects not fully understood or realized. The smell of sulphur from Canada's numerous pulp, paper, and steel mills are examples of industrial wastes that many Canadians are forced to tolerate.

It is now known that air pollution darkens brick, (Government House in Halifax) corrodes metals, and hardens rubber. Unfortunately, much of the harmful material in the air is precipitated by rain. In this fashion it finds its way into the human body through the food we eat. This form of fallout is most commonly associated with atomic waste material, but it applies to all forms of air pollution.

In a scientific age it is strange that we should be hampered by a seemingly ridiculous problem, the poisoning of the air we breath. The problem is a new one, as is the word air pollution, and has been created by the incredible speed with which our industrial economies have progressed. Industry has moved ahead faster than we are able to determine its effects on our surroundings, and faster than we can correct the faults. In many regards air

pollution and smoking are similar; we know that smoking has a definite connection with many diseases, but what this connection is or how it is accomplished is still unknown. This may partly explain why we are so slow to enforce regulations which would prevent the dumping of untreated wastes into the atmosphere.

The effects of poisoned air on humans range from the familiar mental depression of a "smoggy" day to severe allergy troubles and even death. It affects the very young and very old the greatest. In many cases it has tipped the balance between life and death for people who were already suffering from respiratory diseases. During the lengthy "smog" blanket that covered London in 1962, there were three hundred and forty more deaths during a week than was usual. There can be little doubt that these deaths were linked with air pollution. Numerous studies have shown that city dwellers suffer more from respiratory troubles than people from rural areas.

The control of air pollution has mainly been left to the provincial governments to do as they see fit. Until now, there has been a minimum of restrictions in an effort to attract industry and allow for its expansion. It is simply not fair to require a firm in one province to install expensive waste treating equipment when this firm's competitors across the provincial borders are under no obligation of this kind. For this reason and because of the cost involved, it is desirable that the federal government should take up the problem. This would also insure a uniform standard across the country.

There are other reasons besides the personal suffering it causes for stopping air pollution. In 1966 the total loss of revenue due to all forms of pollution was estimated at well over a billion dollars. Air pollution, besides its ill effects on agriculture and industry, affects such varied fields as real estate and population trends. The smog blanket of 1962 was even responsible for delaying the Grey Cup finals. The problem has become so acute in the United States that many Americans have moved north of the border to enjoy the relatively clean air of Canada.

We are fast approaching the limit to the amount of poisons the air can hold and still maintain life. If we are ever going to enjoy the fresh air of our ancestors, we must begin a thorough clean-up now.

David Clark
Form 5
Age 17.

REBELS

We twelve H.G.S. girls are a strange group.
Although small in numbers, we'd beat any troop.
With Leslie as leader our motto would be:
"Lead onward, Queen Shrew.
We all stand with thee."

We battled and swore that we'd fight all the more,
Until all the boys might open a door,
Or say, "Excuse me," and sometimes a,"Please,"
Making us so happy
By saying just these.

The old buccaneers will carry the flag,
And catch the new girls behind in the lag,
Fighters more fearless you never would see,
Until we were told
Our heads were the fee.

Our war was a small one,
In fact just for fun,
But never will shrink,
From manning our guns.

Ann Aslin
Form 4
Age 16.

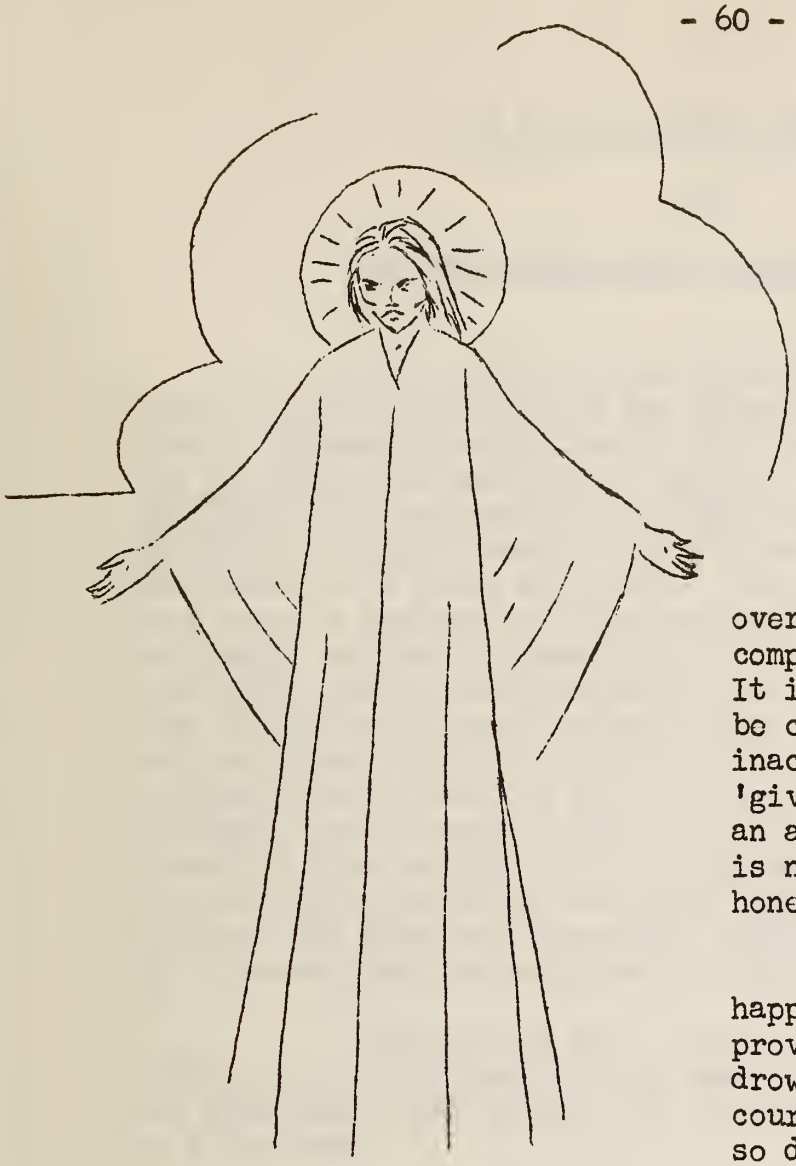
SPRING

Spring is in the air,
The birds are flying,
The wind is sighing,
I have not a care.

Nights are longer
The sun sets brightly
The lights shine in the dark
And the flowers start growing,
With April showers, to brighten up the park.

The tiny buds will bloom forever,
But Spring will not remain,
And soon the summer comes along,
And then September rains.

W. Slayter
Form 1
Age 12.



COMPASSION

Compassion is the hallmark of the civilized man. If we were all compassionate, our most dangerous problems would be solved. There would be an end to man's disastrous 'inhumanity to man', and therefore, to war.

Compassion helps us to understand the pain of others. It stays our hand when our old barbaric instincts threaten to overcome us. Literally translated, compassion means, 'feeling with.' It is much more than pity. Pity may be condescending; it can stand by inactive; at the best it is a 'giving'. Compassion, however, is an active 'sharing' of the pain. It is not weak or sentimental but honestly meant and realistic.

Much of our individual happiness depends on compassion. It provides the rich soil from which drown a civilized life. For as courtesy gives birth to courtesy, so does compassion give birth to compassion.

- Susan Sadler
Form 4
Age 16.

WORDS

The fabric of our lives:
The hopes, the lies, the half-truths--
Man's communication
In his age and in his prime,
They can praise you,
Or they damn you.
Sometimes they make a man of you,
But no matter what they do to you,
You use them all the time.

W. Price
Form 2
Age 13.

HOW NOT TO SECEDE SUCCESSFULLY

OR

HOW THE PEANUTS GANG WAS NEARLY WIPED OUT

Hello, all you fine upstanding Canadian citizens, you. Here is a tale fit to chill the blood of even a Nova Scotian. My name is Gordon McScallop, and I'm an undercover agent working for the CIA (Canadian Integration Agency). I've been assigned to infiltrate the headquarters of LAMP (Liberating Army of the Maritime Provinces). This so-called "army" has been terrorizing all of the Maritimes for 3 years now, (more like gorilla warfare). Yes, we have quite a dossier on these people. They usually work in secret, but during a recent attack, in which they burst into Simpleton's Department Store, splashed black paint all over the blue Centennial flag in the main foyer, wrote "L.B.P. is a junkie" on the beautiful red, white and blue linoleum floor and ran out, one of the LAMPoons was apprehended when his A.C. O'brien mask fell off. He was tough, allright, but he cracked under the worst torture of all: a stereo system of tape recorders, all shouting: "Confederation! Confederation!" at precisely calculated intervals. He revealed the headquarters of LAMP and the LAMPoon's password: Edinburgh swings like a money-bag do, representing the Maritimes' allegiance to the Scotch (er, Scots).

I had to act fast. My job was to infiltrate the main LAMP-post in Hellinfacts, N.S., seek out the head LAMPoon, gain his confidence, and uncover the plot which we knew was to be executed in a few days.

Late that night, I knocked on the spike-studded door of the LAMPlite Lodge, to the beat of "A Taste of Money", uttered the password and was admitted. I was introduced to the presence of the head LAMPoon. He was an inveterate joker, as I found out. He came forward to shake my hand, and I received an electric shock. I admired his carnation, and got an eyeful of lemon juice for my trouble. As a conversation opener, he treated me to a couple of "sickies": "Husband to wife: That was the electrician. I'm having extra sockets put in, because my psychiatrist says I need more outlets." And another: "Husband: I must say you don't make the biscuits Mother used to. Wife: And you don't make the dough Father used to!" After some such banalities, I got to the point. "I have been sent here by the St. Joan, N.B. LAMP-post to see if we can help in your Centennial project. We know that you've ordered 20 lbs. of nitroglycerin disguised as black paint, but I must confess that I don't quite comprehend," said I, breathlessly praying to Lester B. that he would be stupid enough to reveal the plot.

"Our plot, to be executed tonight", said the LAMPoon, "is to blow up the Citadel. We shall place a painting in the Centennial (ugh, how I hate that word) Art Contest, to be held in the powder-room of the Citadel. At my signal (given from afar, of course) one of our fanatically devoted LAMPoons will explode the nitroglycerin, thus

immolating himself, Premier Shamfield, the original Moaning Liar, and the whole Peanuts gang. This is calculated to so demoralize the nation that it will fall apart, and the Maritimes will cast off from the rest of Canada, to sail the seas forever as a free Republic. Ingenious, n'est pas? Ha! Ha!"

I was just about to concur, when suddenly "A Taste of Money" was played on the front door, Edinburgh swung, and the salesman who had sold me my patented wood-burning set rushed in. Of course, he was a LAMPoon, and very quickly uncovered my deceit. I was able to get away by yelling "Happy Centennial, Everyone!" thus dazing them momentarily. I ran down Herrington street, then up Sprung Garter street, to the Citadel, keeping a wary eye on the green-and-rust LAMPposts. (I also watched out for fire hydrants). I raced past the cordon of Dismounted Police, and through the gates of the Citadel. I screeched to a halt in front of the powder-room, brushed a dab of Bilge-creem into my hair, straightened my old school suspenders, and entered quietly. I quickly spotted the LAMPoon by his combination Joseph Howe - Ian Smith tie clip. I called in the Dismounties, and he was captured and dragged off to Confederation Hall. Now for the LAMPlite Lodge.

I arranged for a cordon of police to surround the LAMP-post. When this was satisfactorily accomplished, I gave the signal to explode a huge firecracker along with a Centennial rocket. The head LAMPoon rushed out into the street to witness what he thought was the most spectacular coup in all of Canada's mangled history.

As he was led away, cringing from the bright orange light of the Centennial symbol of unity, he was heard to sigh resignedly: "Ah well, that's the way the ol' LAMP flickers!"

Ian Creery
Form 5
Age 16.

STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club is an organization which enables a stamp collector to increase his or her stamp collection; to display his or her stamp collection and it also enables the stamp collector to learn more about stamps through discussions and speeches.

On the 5th of December we had our first real meeting with an attendance of 6 people and the present membership is 12 and 1 more person applying for membership.

We have a meeting once a week. There are four offices: President, Vice-President and Secretary and Treasurer.

The job of the President and the Vice-President are much the same and it deals mainly with administrative purposes. The Vice-President becomes President when the President is absent; he becomes President and remains President as long as that meeting lasts.

At the moment John Glube is President and Paul Talbot is Vice-President.

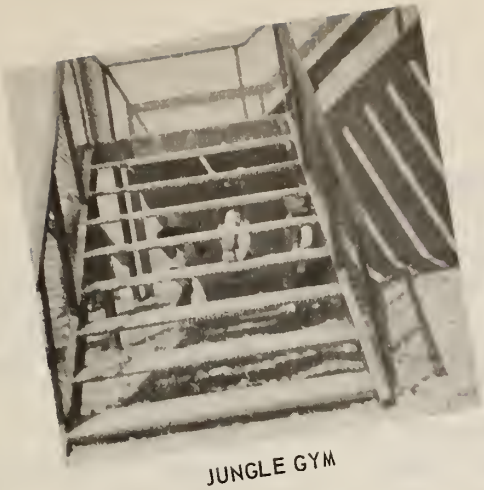
The Secretary takes down the minutes of the meeting and the Treasurer holds the money and makes a report every term. The dues are 5¢ per term.

At the moment Erica Glube is Secretary and Alan Tibbetts is Treasurer.

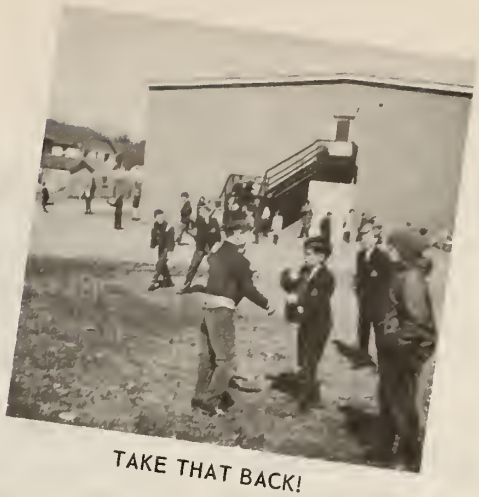
The meeting is divided into two parts: the business part and the trading part, during which time stamps are traded on the basis stamp-for-stamp. We also have auctions once in a while, during which time stamps are sold to the highest bidder. 10% of the money goes to the stamp club and the rest goes to the former owner of the stamp or stamps.

The future of the club is high. We have made plans for a stamp exhibition for Open House; and we are going to continue the club into the next academic year.

John Glube,
Form 2
Age 12.



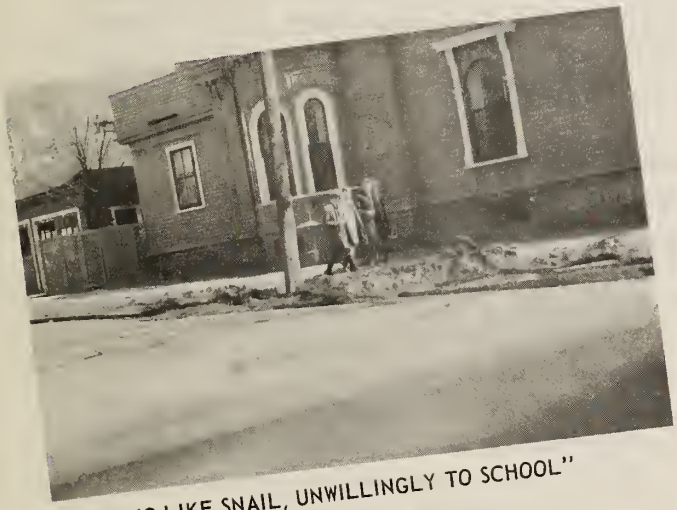
JUNGLE GYM



TAKE THAT BACK!

WHO CARES ABOUT FORM?

DISECTING A FROG – UGH!



"CREEPING LIKE SNAIL, UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL"

FRENCH CONVERSATION: MAY I HAVE THIS MINUET

MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . .

CENTENNIAL DIARY

In mid-July, our group of Nova Scotia Centennial Travellers left Halifax for Fort William, Ontario. There were 26 of us in all: two chaperons, twelve boys, and twelve girls, chosen by the Provincial Centennial Commission.

On the 16th we boarded the train, to find we had a whole car to ourselves. There, much of our time was spent playing cards, singing folk songs, and in general, getting acquainted.

The next day, while passing through Quebec, we watched the interesting scenery from the observation car. We spent about an hour in Montreal, but it was in Ottawa that we began touring in earnest.

Once there, we left our baggage at the train station and began a bus tour, guided by two Centennial Commission delegates. They took us to the Chateau Laurier, House of Parliament, and the Peace Tower, and showed us many embassies, universities, and parks. Later, after a picnic at Prince of Wales Falls, and more sight-seeing, we went for a swim in the luxurious Chateau Laurier swimming pool. Refreshed, we boarded a train for Longlac, Northern Ontario.

Monday, all was trees, trees, trees: that is an accurate description of Northern Ontario. At Longlac there was a bus that took us to Hammarskjold High School in Port Arthur. There we met our host students and went to their homes to unpack. The same night we attended a civic reception, banquet-dance, at Strathcona Golf Club.

Tuesday, our host teachers, the Saunders, drove us to Mt. McKay where we went to the top by ski lift. Then they took us to a Canadian car factory and later Kakabeka Falls. Since it was summer, not much water was going over the Falls, so we clambered about its gigantic slate "steps", and took daring photographs.

On Friday, Mr. Saunders drove our bus to Antitokan National Park where we were to spend a week-end. Once there, we began a ten mile hike through the wilderness to the Steep Rock iron mines. In 90° heat we were scaling rock cliffs, wading through swamps, pushing back tree branches and slapping off mosquitos --- keeping a breakneck pace all the while. After nine miles I fainted and the boys carried me the last mile. On arriving at the mines, we were so hot and dirty that we promptly jumped into the nearest lake.

On our return to camp we were desperately hungry. It was then we were told, "NO REGULAR FOOD ALLOWED". We had to prepare ourselves a decent meal out of dehydrated rations and water. Who could argue? Chicken pablum and soggy dumplings aren't bad to the starving. Later, after our tents were set up, we went canoeing on the lake until sunset.

Next day came our much-anticipated twenty mile canoe trip along the Old Voyageur Route. Beginning at 8 a.m. we paddled ten canoes through eleven large lakes and a huge swamp. Of course, the swamp was the most interesting and the roughest part of the trip. When there were rocks and rapids, we waded waist-deep in swamp water, carrying our canoes. When thirsty we drank the tepid swamp water. However, the spirit of adventure claimed us all, so the hot sun, hungry insects, blood-suckers, soggy sneakers, and blisters didn't really bother us.

In camp that night we bragged to the Ontario student campers about our prowess. However, they outdid us: eleven year olds cheerfully going out to spend forty-eight hours alone, in the wilderness, with nothing but a seedless orange to sustain them, was just too much.

Next day we broke camp in the rain. After a breakfast of conventional food, we took our bus to a lumbering camp and the Great Lakes Pulp and Paper Mill. The afternoon and evening we spent quietly with our hosts.

On the 23rd, after a swim in Boulevard Lake we toured the harbours of the "Twin Cities", Fort William and Port Arthur. There we saw the famous Grain Elevators full of Saskatchewan wheat. Once, our guide told us, an elevator had cracked open spilling its contents over the harbour. During the next week the cities had more than a clean-up problem; the grain had fermented, and the local birds were quite inebriated. The same evening we ate a huge smorgasbord dinner and toured Hammarskjold High School, where we enjoyed a lecture on education in Ontario and a western square dance party.

Sunday afternoon the Saunders family took us to visit an education official's summer cottage at Hawkeye Lake. There we went motor boating, sailing, and water skiing. Later, before the sun set, we motored across the lake to take a Finnish Sauna (steam bath). Then there was dinner, swimming, and a campfire sing-song until mid-night.

But by now our delightful trip was drawing to a close. After a Lake Superior trout banquet at Chippewa Park, we boarded a bus for Longlac and two days later were back home in Halifax.

My trip was a wonderful experience in every way, and for this reason I am glad that the Canadian Government has decided to continue its Student Travel program so that many other students may see and understand our wonderful Canada.

L. Nash
Form 6
Age 17.

- STEAL NOT AWAY -

Steal not away this bleeding heart,
From all life's mist of treasures;
of Song and dance and worldly pleasures.

To escape this fury in silent depart -
Leave me not, oh blessed heart -
From all life's tribulations,
But in the morning take consolation,
And behold this beauty with your heart.
And the everlasting choirs will sing;
In the everlasting rooms.
And their songs will be our songs,
Just for us --- us two.

But will it be for us only,
Till there be no ground to cover us?
And time will not be long,
For us --- us two?

A. Tibbetts
Form 1
Age 13.

THE COTTAGE

Up on the hill it stands each year
Ready to welcome me back again.
Around it the happy atmosphere:
The water, the sky, the beautiful land.

Its future is decided, there's no hope anymore:
They say a factory will be helpful here.
They say a highway will be useful here.
They say a dam will be needed here.
Helpful? Useful? Needed? Who for?

For me. For us. For everyone.
We need progress, don't you see?
Good-bye to clear water, the land, and the sun;
Progress is for us, the cottage was for me.

Peter Meyerhof
Form 5
Age 16.

THE VESPACIDIST*

She quotes: "amo, amas, amat"
With fingers itching, eyes aflame,
Aah! into battle with the wasp
Which settles on the window-pane,
She edges close, takes off her shoe,
And teeters stork-like, tho' prepared,
To conquer, slay and pulverise,
The wasp.

I tell the tale of one such beast
who settled on her dinner plate,
O Eloquence! help me describe the
Tragic way he met his fate.
Her eagle eye the errant spied,
She shouted, bent, slipped off her shoe,
He, ere he could in anger, sting,
Was squashed to pulp amidst the stew!
There he remained a sorry sight,
Quite disconnected limb from limb.
Until a nymph took him away
To be cleaned up with cloth and vim.

O all ye who are not afeared,
The moral is, I beg to state,
Tho' harmless she appears to be -
DO NOT SIT ON HER DINNER PLATE!!!

* Wasp-killer

K. Gray
Form 3
Age 14.

EXPO 67

For once, many nations will be coming together in peace. The Universal and International Exposition is being held this year at Montreal, Quebec. Over seventy nations will be participating in this event which is being billed as the greatest fair ever. The whole event will take place on a man-made island in the middle of the St. Lawrence River.

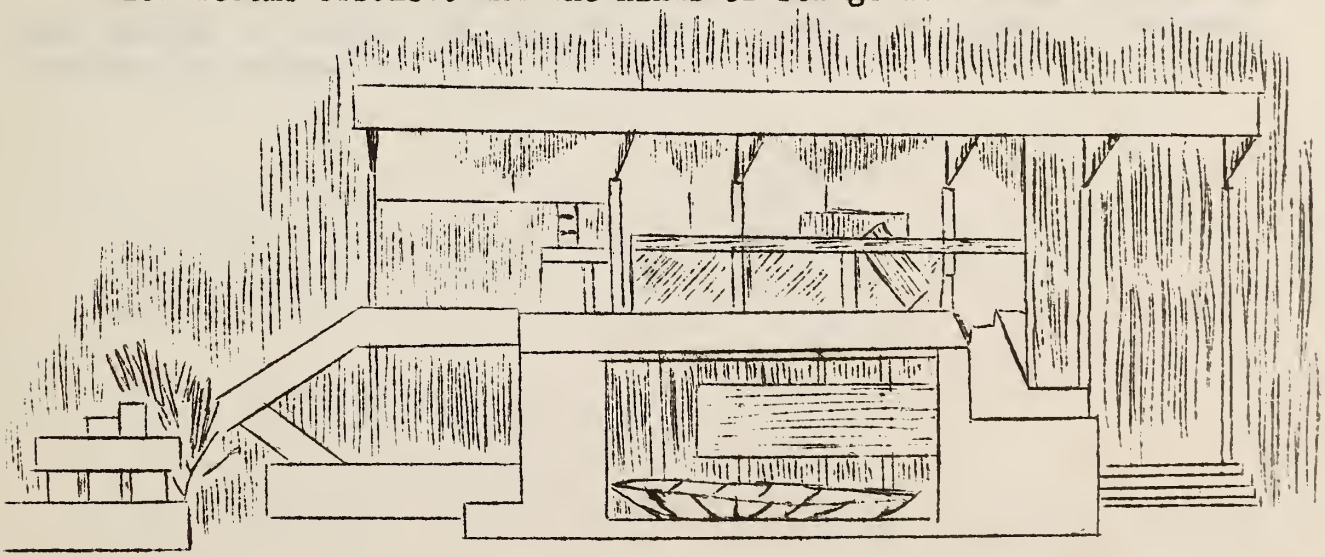
There will be pavilions from the United States, - a huge dome nearly seven stories high, the U.S.S.R. with its magnificent sloping roof housing such things as a weightless room. Britain will be there surrounded by a moat symbolizing its island existence. Canada and even the Atlantic Provinces have their own pavilions.

The theme of this world's fair is Man, Man and His World. Here there will be pavilions to show man in given aspects.

Man, the Explorer, shows what man has learned of his physical self and physical surroundings. You will wander inside a human cell, see a space walk on film, look into the depths of the earth and learn how planetary motion affects our weather and seasons. Down on the ocean floor you'll see an underwater house and underwater vehicles.

You will visit the Arctic for a stroll on ice. By 1999 more than half the world will live in communitions of 100,000 or more. Man in the Community proves the effects of city life and technology on man. With cartoons, puppets, films, displays and a fantastic kind of "Happening" called Citerama, the problem and luxury of our time - leisure - will be dramatized.

There'll be a technological junkyard - wrecked car, refrigerator and computer showing how the creating of our civilization become obsolete and the kinds of refuge we will leave behind.



THE ATLANTIC PAVILLION

EXIT

Yes sure, many nations will be coming together in peace. The Universal and International Exposition in Saint Louis year at Montreal, Canada. Over seventy nations will be participating in this great event. In fact allied as the greatest fair ever. The whole event will take place on a man-made island in the middle of the St. Lawrence River.

There will be pavilions from the United States, - a huge dome nearly seven stories high, the U.S.S.R. with the magnificent display roof housing such things as a weightless room. The Czech will be there showcasing in a room simulating its latest satellites. Canada and even the Atlantic Provinces have their own pavilions.

The scene of this world's fair is Expo, Man and his World. Here there will be pavilions to show man in given aspects.

Man, the Explorer, shows what man has learned of his physical self and physical surroundings. Man will venture inside a human cell, see a space walk in film, look into the depths of the earth and learn how planetary motion affects our weather and seasons. Down on the ocean floor visit you on underwater tours and underwater vehicles.

Man will visit the Arctic for a stroll on ice. By 1999 here than half the world will live in conurbations of 10,000 or more. Man in the community shows the wonders of city life and technology in man. With carnival, concerts, rides, displays and a fantastic kind of "happenings" called Happenings. The problem and history of our time - Leisure - will be dramatized.

Thereafter is a technological journey - wonders are, religiously and computer showing how the crowding of our civilization brings problems and the kind of things we will leave behind.

More scientists live today than have existed in all history. Never has man had such opportunities for production and technological invention. But will science turn him into an automaton? Will his own creations destroy him? This is the message of Man the Producer. There, an automated factory, with nary a human in sight, spits out TV sets and movie projectors. Machines will automatically change their own tools, on instructions from a computer tape.

Perhaps the best expression of the human spirit is through Art. So in Man the Creator, Expo has brought together treasures from around the world, paintings, photographs, industrial designs and sculptures, demonstrating creative dreams, ideas and achievements.

We have come a long way since man evolved from a one cell animal. We have mastered technology and much of the earth to produce food in variety and quantity. And yet - millions go to bed hungry each night. This is the dilemma posed by Man the Provider. You'll see crops growing, how automation works on the farm, and live animals that demonstrate differences between earliest and latest breeds.

The influence Expo will have on Canada is great. The most obvious is to its economy. Expo will attract millions of people who will pour money into its tourist industry. The fair, which is part of the celebration of our 100th birthday will serve to unify this large and diverse land.

It will also serve to spread knowledge all around the world, and to show what people are and what they think. Canada will at last be recognized as a nation.

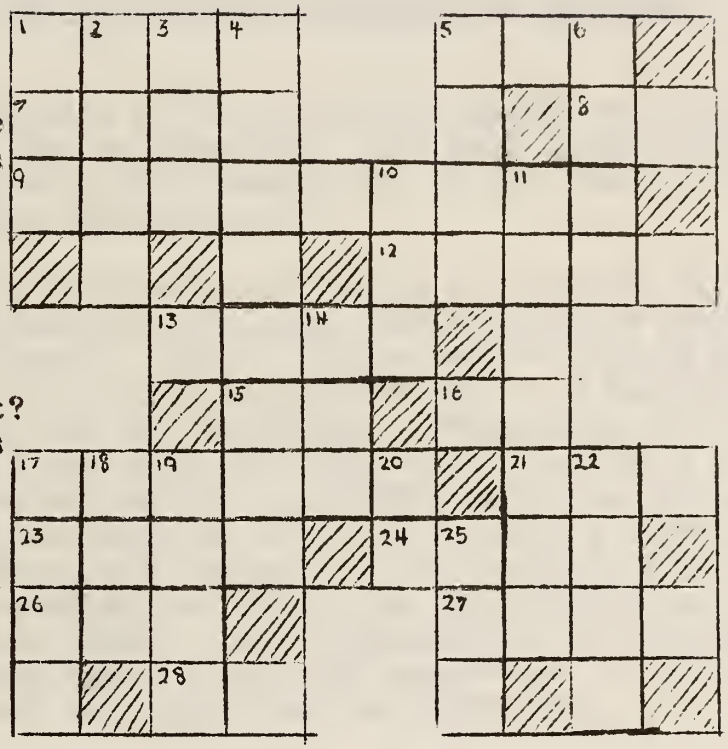
But greater than all of these, Expo 67, opening on April 28 and lasting to October 28, will act as a stimulus to bring all nations together in peace.

D. Tupper
Form 4
Age 13.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. What's funny!
.Unit of electrical resistance
7. Silly imitators
9. Alluded to
12. Ski here in Colorado
13. Need
15. Neither(Fr.)
16. Like
17. Seaweed to eat?
21. The creditor's poem
23. My French friend
24. As dead as a--
26. Airtransport for Sinbad
27. They carry us around
28. Knock out!
8. Anno Domini



DOWN

1. A sticky situation
2. Not closed
3. D'ye---John Peel
4. To alienate
5. Possesses
6. Fashioned
10. Quaker---
11. Incident
14. No score
17. Small mountain lake
18. I like Latin?
19. Rudolph's master
20. Mister---
22. Venetian magistrate
25. Ancient

-- C. Wilson
Form 2
Age 14

THE BROKEN HEARTED

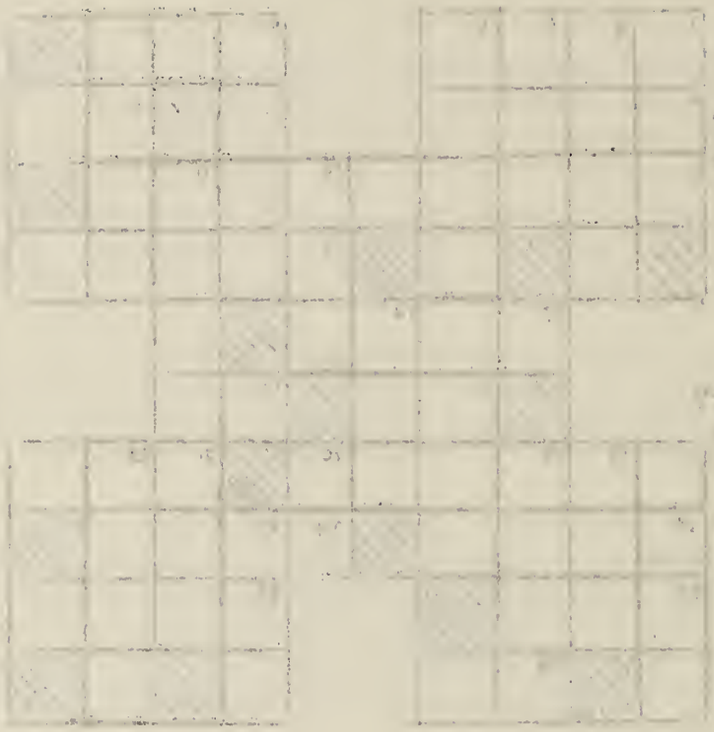
The cold north wind knifed through my coat,
The stars were dim and far away,
I buttoned my collar around my throat.

People walked past me, all wearing a frown
Looking for something to help them drown their sorrows.
The trees were black and very stark.
Here and there a light sliced the dark.

My heart, it wandered far away
To a long lost love and another day,
Tears filled my lonely eyes like a hundred times before.
I couldn't perceive what it exactly meant,
For this love left my mind wretched and bent.

A feeling came that is very hard to explain,
For courage flowed into my brain,
The tears, they dried and my old soul died.
And now somewhere I know I'll find the love,
And no matter how high heaven is, love will be a thousand miles above.

M. Power
Form 4
Age 15.



WHY WE SHOULDN'T LET THEM "GO COMMUNIST"

Critics of U.S. policy in Vietnam and Korea often say, "Why not let them go communist? They want it don't they?" Or they ask, "What's wrong with Communism?" In this essay I will attempt to answer these two questions.

On the first, most people in countries directly menaced by "People's Revolutions" do not want a Moscow or Peking-dominated form of government. "But," critics say, "villagers say they want communism." As to this, since World War II, a technique known as "Brainwashing" has been developed. Brainwashing is a premeditated use of force alternating with gentleness to convince a man of something. "Propaganda warfare" is another technique which, though gentler than brainwashing, still concentrates a continuous assault on a man's senses with "slogans of the revolutionary movement" for the ears, propaganda posters for the eyes, and in some ridiculous cases "People's bread". Some villagers are real communists, but even in Russia, only approximately 2½% are members of the Communist Party. No, they do not want communism, and never have.

Another way of stating the second question is, "What is wrong with dictatorship?" Canada is a democratic country, as is the United States, and dissenters are allowed to state viewpoints in opposition to the government's viewpoint. How would you like living in a country where, if you said one word against the state, your own brother might inform on you, and you might be sent to prison for several years? "Pure communism", though a philosophy as old as Sir Thomas More's Utopia, has not yet been implemented in any country. Nowadays, even in a mild communistic regime such as Yugoslavia, democratic freedoms exist only under the sufferance of an absolute dictator, in this case, Tito.

In Vietnam the United States is fighting communism as put into practice by Mao and Brezhnev, not the idea of a socialistic state. We are fighting to preserve our rights as well as those of the Vietnamese. The people of the U.S. are determined not to "let them go communist".

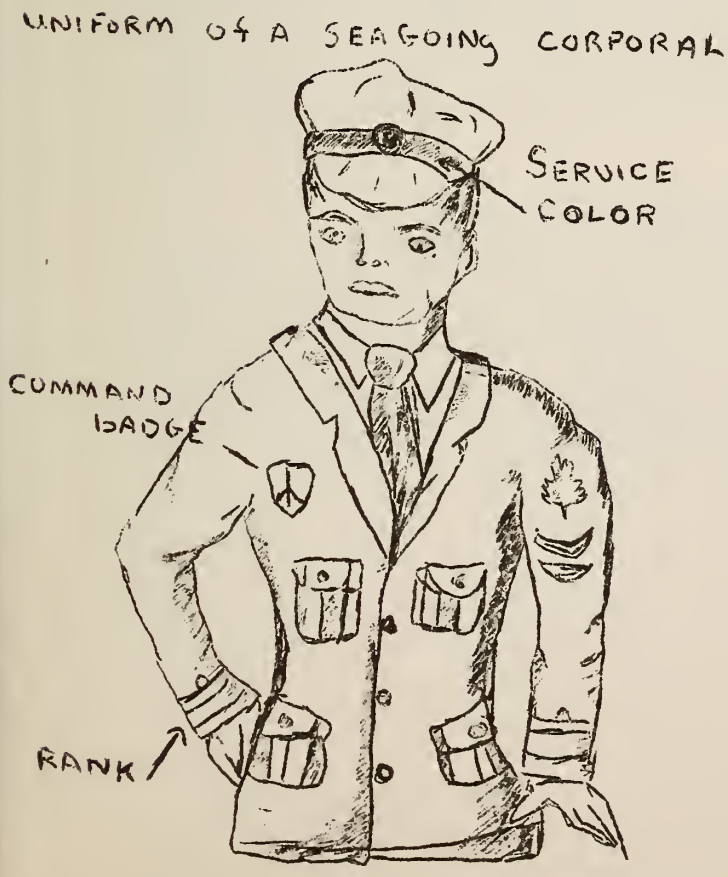
W. Price
Form 2
Age 13.

UNIFICATION OF THE ARMED FORCES

During the summer of last year Defense Minister, Paul Hellyer, drew up an Armed Forces Unification Bill. He feels that Canada, with its weak defense system, needs Armed Forces Unity in hopes that the one Force will produce a much stronger defense system. For all intents and purposes Canada is to maintain its present roles in NATO and in foreign policy. The government has been very sly in informing the people the full intent of its defense policy. It has been pointed out that Liberals taking part in a debate over the bill have had prepared texts and now this evidence has been investigated.

On passing this bill certain changes will take place. A new suit will be introduced for Armed Forces personnel. The suit is described and illustrated below. The Liberals have been accused that infantrymen would be put on ships and places. If this accusation is correct then the Armed Forces will undoubtedly be forced to begin a new teaching school for personnel, but then again, where would the personnel to teach them come from? Hellyer has planned to reform certain headquarters but this has been the main reason for the retirement of some naval officers in Canada. For the time being the government has abandoned trying to find a new name for the one force, but it has been called "The Canadian Armed Forces" in the Unification Bill. In all probability, if this new bill is passed, taxes will be raised to pay for the certain changes. Wages, most likely, will stay the same, with very little increase or decrease.

For the most part, Armed Forces personnel attitude toward the bill is discouraging to the Liberal government. The morale has dropped considerably, especially after officers have been forced to retire right here in Halifax. The forced retirement of Admiral Landymore was a great upset to the Navy. I do not feel that this bill will mean that certain personnel will leave the forces but I do feel it will have effect on those who have thoughts of entering.



If this bill is passed, Canada will find itself with a force without loyalties and traditions and this could easily mean a victory or a defeat in combat. And, after all, the Unification Bill has left most Armed Forces officers humiliated.

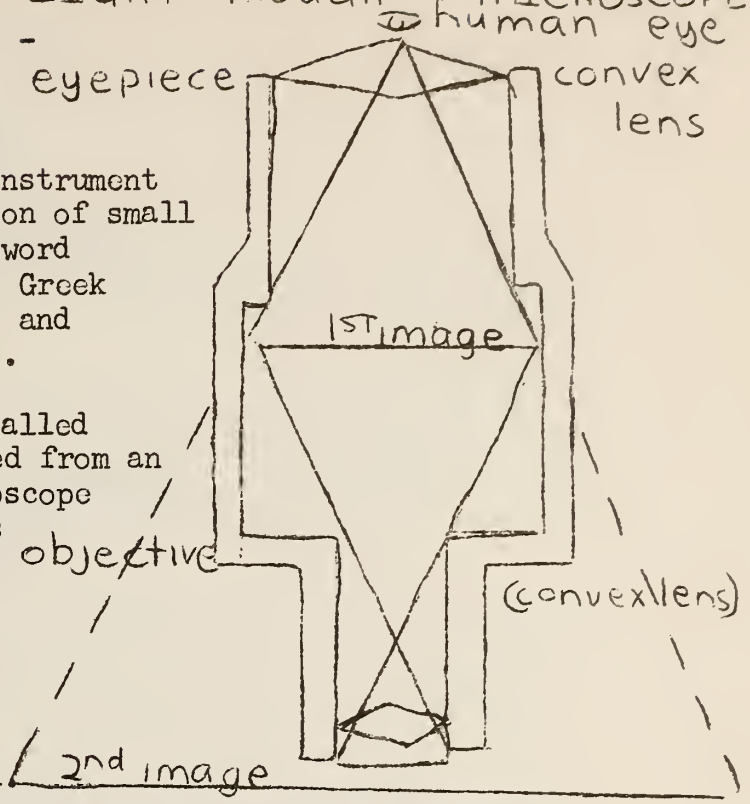
The majority of the population of Canada has opposed the Unification Bill. It would be almost impossible to implement foreign policy even though Prime Minister Pearson would clearly show the relationship between foreign and defense policy. It would be best for the whole of Canada to wait until the next election to see which defense policy will be accepted. The bill, if passed, will have a hard time in being accepted by the people of Canada. The main reason for this, I think, is that the population does not clearly understand what is actually being implemented and it's up to the government to describe what is actually being done.

Unification will havo a great effect on our lives, for it may mean a new change in our personal relations with other Countries. It may even mean Canadian withdrawal from NATO. As of now any contributions to NATO are hidden. The unified service would restrict the military role just to Canada and not to other parts of the world.

The Unification Bill is another step forward in the Canadian government becoming unpopular and it is this that I feel will determine the results of the next election.

R. Piercey
Form 4
Age 14.

LIGHT TROUGH A MICROSCOPE



THE MICROSCOPE

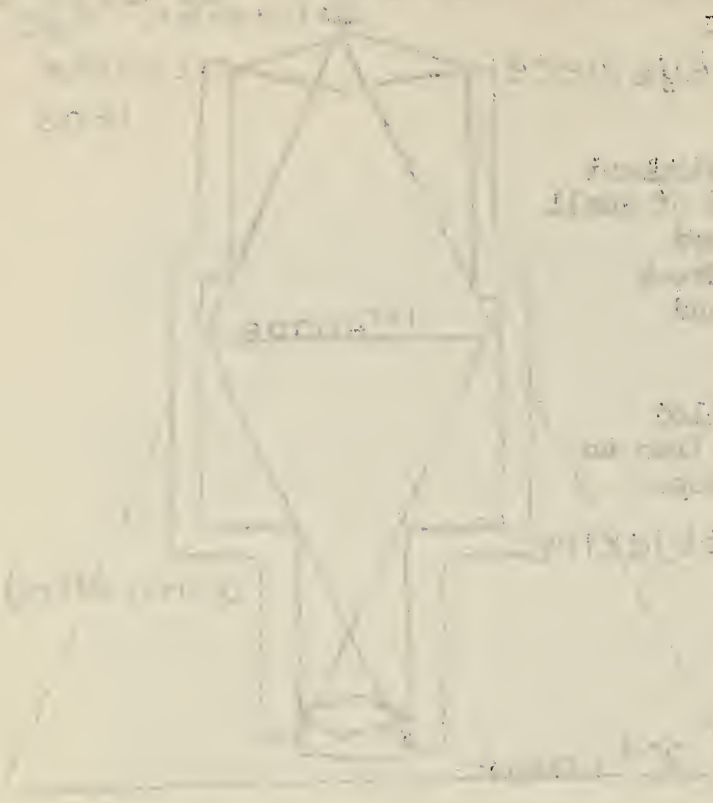
The microscope is an optical instrument that makes possible the examination of small objects by magnifying them. The word microscope comes from two ancient Greek words, mikros which means "small" and skopein, which means "to look at".

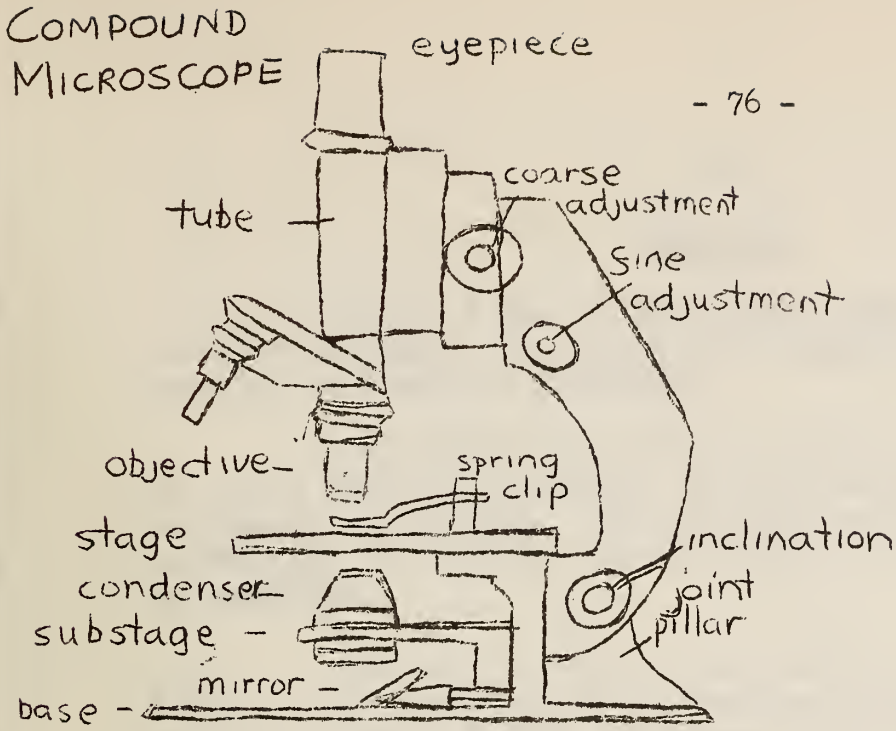
Simple forms of microscopes, called magnifying glasses, have been used from an early period. The compound microscope dates back to 1590 when Zacharias Joannides, a spectacle maker at Middleburg, Holland, began its manufacture.

In the simple microscope a single lens is used between the eye and the object to be examined. As the object is placed inside the focal point of the lens, an enlarged image is observed as a result of the converging action of the lens upon the light rays.

A compound microscope has a minimum of two lenses fixed at a definite distance apart within the tube. The lower lens called the objective lens, is converging and usually of short focal length. It acts to form an image which is further magnified by the upper lens, the ocular or eyepiece. The specimen observed is mounted on a stage below the objective lens. A fine -adjustment screw is provided for accurate focusing of the microscope. In the compound microscope the lenses are divided into two groups. One system does exactly what a simple microscope does: it shows an upright image, just as the eye sees it, only larger. The focus of this set of lenses is at a point where the second system can greatly magnify the image and locate it just at the platform of the microscope.

Some of the principle parts of the compound microscope include three adjustments screws: a coarse adjustment screw, a fine adjustment screw, and an inclination adjustment screw. A platform below the objective, which is the tube that contains the lenses, is called the stage and is an important part of the microscope. The mirror below the stage is also an important piece of the apparatus. It reflects light through the condenser, to the specimen, making it much easier to see through the objective.





Microscopes, besides being interesting instruments for school work, are vital reasons for the cure of many diseases. The electron microscope can find, identify, and help control viruses which are the causes of the diseases. Much of the research for new diseases is done by special compound microscopes, the new ultramicroscope, and the powerful electron microscope.

Microscopes can be used for fun, or they can be the backbone for medical research.

David Tripp
Form 4
Age 15.

JERUSALEM

While I was in Israel last summer, I made many trips all over the land. One of the most interesting and enjoyable trips was the one I made to Jerusalem.

My brother and I rose at 5:00 a.m. in order to catch the early train to Jerusalem. We took the bus from Ramat-Gan (where we stayed) to Tel-Aviv. At 5:30 the city was already busy. We went immediately to the Central Train Station. At 6:15 we were on our way to Jerusalem.

Before our trip we were warned not to go too near the border. For, unlike the border between the U.S. and Canada, the Israeli-Jordanian borders are danger zones and one can get captured or shot if he crosses the border. Jerusalem is divided into two parts, Old Jerusalem in Jordan, and New Jerusalem and Mt. Zion in Israel. There are many places in the city where one could easily stray into the Jordanian side. But from a previous trip to Israel, I knew quite well the border around Jerusalem.

Our train arrived at 8:00 in Jerusalem. From the train station my brother went one block and saw a sign saying "Mt. Zion - 500 metres; and there, looming in front of us was that biblical mountain. We began to ascend it, passing the numerous beggars along the road. We passed by a sign declaring "Stop! Frontier Ahead." Arriving on the top of Mt. Zion, we were only about 40 feet from the Jordanian part of Mt. Zion and the Old Jerusalem citadel. We went through several of the old buildings and arrived in a small courtyard outside the alleged tomb of King David, the founder of Jerusalem. We entered the quiet room in which the tomb is. We were in the room and tried to imagine as many others also do, that within that small chamber of rocks were possibly the remains of King David, someone from Biblical times, who founded this city several thousand years before. There are many places like this all over Israel which induce such thoughts.

We left the tomb and went up a small winding stair case to the top of a small tower on the roof of King David's Tomb and there, all of Old Jerusalem was spread out before us; further west were the hills of Jordan. Looking west was New Israel's Jerusalem. Looking south I could faintly see the Dead Sea. And about thirty feet away was the tower of a monastery in which Israel's soldiers were permitted to stay in keeping a look-out on the Jordanians only a few feet away. We then began to descend the mountain, first walking in the shade of the pines, then going down the Steps, then the pathway, then back onto the highway. I glanced up; there were the Israelis in the tower and there were the Jordanians hiding behind sandbags in a corner of the Jerusalem citadel, facing each other, with hate. Perhaps, one day, the hostile borders between Israel and its Arab neighbours will be dropped and people will be able to wander between Old and New Jerusalem without being shot.

We then continued on down a street which eventually leads into Jordan. We turned up another street and stood before the Y.M.C.A. of Jerusalem, a huge building with a tall tower, the only Y.M.C.A. claiming a membership of 92% Jewish people. We went to the top of the tower and again saw all of Jerusalem spread out below. There was Mt. Zion and Old Jerusalem and in the other direction, the new Jerusalem. We went down the long, narrow flight of steps to the bottom. From here we proceeded on through streets and into a park. We went to the Old Knesseth Building (Parliament Building of Israel) and through the Knesseth gardens. To the huge 4 ton Menorah (seven branched candelabra) a gift to Israel from Britain. We then took a bus to the outskirts of the city to the Israel National Museum. The museum really consists of four separate museums, The Bezalel Museum, The Bronfman Museum of Archaeology, The Shrine of the Book, and the Billy Rose Sculpture Garden. The museum is illuminated by natural light through tinted glass. It consists of 28 buildings joined together. The Bezalel Museum exhibits many varied paintings, history of the Jewish culture, and archaeological finds. The Bronfman Museum was very interesting. It includes statues from the year 2100 B.C., Assyrian archer-gods, winged lions, even several sandals worn in the year 2000 B.C. There are huge jugs big enough for two people to step into and there are weapons; in fact, one could spend several weeks taking a look at everything. The Shrine of the Book is a sunken building designed exclusively for the housing of the Dead Sea Scrolls. The Dead Sea Scrolls were found by two little Arab children in 1946 or 7 and extensive digging was carried on by the archaeologist, Yigael Yadir. Until 1965 the Dead Sea Scrolls were on display in a vault in the Hebrew University. The Billy Rose Sculpture Garden was financed completely by the late Billy Rose. In this garden there are no plants, only sculptures, mostly modern, by present-day sculptors. In all this Israeli National Museum is the largest, I have ever seen, and it would take a number of weeks to see it all thoroughly.

From the Museum we went to the new Knesseth Building, completed just this year. Its striking shape represents the dynamic thinking of its Israeli architects. We went to the Hebrew University Campus for a while and went through a few of the buildings. We then took a bus to YadVashem. The Martyr's Museum commemorates the horrors the Jews were subjected to in the War. There is one large building with startling photographs, and there are displays too horrible to describe. We also went to the nearby Mt. Herzl which contains the remains of Theodor Herzl, the man who foresaw a Jewish State 50 years before its establishment.

From here we took a bus and returned to the city. We rested in a small park and then continued walking through the streets, remarking on the closeness of the border and looking in shops. We finally came to a short, shabby street with one great difference from other streets; we walked towards the end of the street where there was a large metal wall, with a narrow passage. Beyond that wall is No-Man's-Land, and beyond that are the Jordanians. The wall is to prevent the Jordanians from observing Jerusalem. I quickly stepped through the hole. To think the people on this street live constantly a few feet from the Jordanians and are unafraid. We then turned down a larger street, bid a farewell to Mt. Zion, and continued on to the train station. The time was 7:00 p.m. Our train soon left in the sunset. The first few kilometres passed at the foot of a hill, the top of which belonged to Jordan. I stretched myself out the window and looked back. The Sun was setting on King David's City.

B. Newman
Form 4
Age 16.

BEGINNINGS

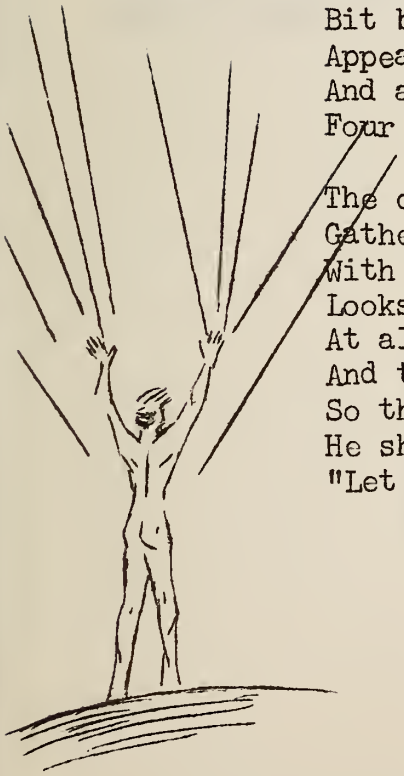
Darkness
Silence, broken only by
The soft, gentle whirring of the satellites
In their eternal orbit.
A prolonged hush
A cold, lonely emptiness.

Suddenly
The screaming wail
Of a banshee, like a woman in agony
Sets off an eerie sound
That rips
Across the endless paths of time.

A figure
Alone, untouched and forgotten
By past ages
Melts quietly
Across his new domain
Seeking a new solution to his problem.

The problem
That confronts the stranger
To his new universe
Is fantastic, unbelievable
Seemingly impossible
To solve.

Finally
The solution
Bit by bit, little by little, piece by piece,
Appears to him.
And after long thought,
Four words of wisdom are conceived



The creature
Gathering up all his strength
With great will power
Looks about himself,
At all the emptiness.
And then, throughout the universe
So that everything everywhere can hear
He shouts
"Let there be light."

B. Hanington
Form 4
Age 15.

BALLAD OF THE BROKEN LEG

I was coming down the hill,
I had started from the top,
And I didn't want to fall,
But I knew I couldn't stop.
*I was going close to thirty,
Coming down that "Martock" hill.
So I bent down low, and went straight down
It was really quite a thrill.
*I was nearly at the bottom,
And I thought I'd try a turn,
But I was closing in on fifty -
My mind was calm, but stern.
*I tried to turn, I moved a ski
Disaster struck, as all could see.
I heard a crack, an ugly sound
My leg hung from my ski,
My ski was pointed in the ground.
*They put me in a little sled,
The ski patrol was careful,
Twisting my leg around my head,
They asked, "Does that hurt?"
*The fat man with the stocking hat,
An amateur M.D.,
Announced to all upon the slope,
"Look out, he's coming down with me."
*They brought me back to Halifax
To analyze the fracture.
Travelling in a funeral home car,
Another taste of torture.
*And here I am, my cast and I
Awaiting three more months,
To get this labour off my leg
And ski again ... next year!

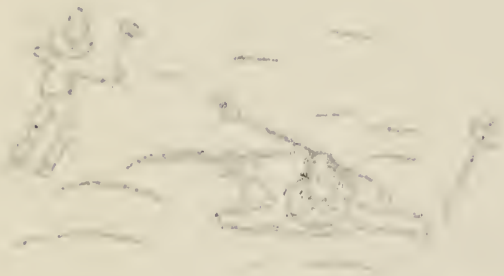
Step 1:

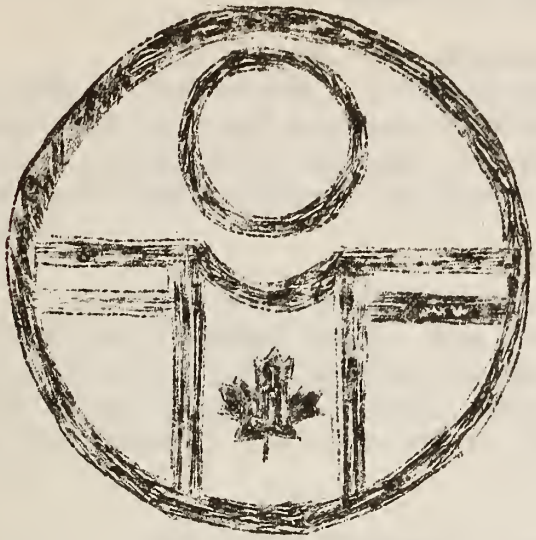
Step 2:

Step 3.

Step 4: the veterans' club

J. Crace
Form 4
Age 14.





SPORTS

One of Canada's most magnificent and colourful Centennial celebrations will be the Fifth Pan American Games to be held in Winnipeg from July 22 to Aug. 7. The Pan American Games will be the largest sporting attraction ever held in North America and will serve as a tremendous stimulus to the athletic aspirations of young Canadians.

DOIN'S IN THE VALLEY

The skiing, the weather, everything, has just been perfect this year at Wentworth. Although there was one week-end of extremely hard-packed snow and another of glare ice, no skier's spirit was dampened, except a few chicken-hearted. One reason for this is that skiers are just plain dumb, and another: Who wants to sit in the lodge all day and make excuses?

Men and equipment were buzzing around the trails this summer grooming and cleaning them. The T-bar ran exceptionally well this winter with only one major breakdown on one of the week-ends. There were also two or three minor breakdowns. But we have one thing to be proud of, the T-bar is probably the only one in North America that goes down hill on the way up.

Racing at Wentworth seems to be the main subject of discussion around the Lodge. The racing schedule has now ended with all races being run off with ease. A total of sixteen races were run off in eleven days and that is a pretty tight schedule with only three spare days. Races varied from the regular club races to the Inter-Collegiate Meet in which four Universities entered: University of New Brunswick, Dalhousie, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Mary's. There was also a Provincial Teams Meet in which only Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island took part. Wentworth was the scene of the C.A.S.A. Atlantic Division Slalom and Giant Slalom Championships. These races drew large crowds to Wentworth. Two days were given over to Midget racing, for kids twelve years and under. Probably the most comical race of the season was the Oldtimers' Downhill, held on Carnival Week-end. Speaking seriously, the courses set for the Juniors and Seniors have increased in difficulty by fifty percent and people are starting to notice that the regular racers are beginning to ski better.

Last year the ski season was exceptionally short and there was only one main attraction, the Carnival, and a number of minor dances. The most memorable experience of last year's Carnival was that it rained Saturday and Sunday. But this year there were piles and piles of white stuff on the ground, there was a Carnival Queen who later opened the Carnival. There was a costume parade, a torchlight parade, a treasure hunt, a barrel-stave race, the oldtimers' downhill, and a dance. Since there was skiing on Easter week-end there were again great festivities. There was an Easter Bonnet parade, an Easter egg hunt, and a dance. All through the season there has been great entertainment and fun.

Miss Landymore took a group of students, about fifteen, from the Senior School, to Wentworth for the week-end of the 11th and 12th of February. They left on Friday night in a howling blizzard. Saturday there was a foot of fresh snow on the hills. That was Saturday but Sunday the temperature went down to 25 below. As a result everything was frozen solid and the skiing was terrible. While at Wentworth the group stayed at the Youth Hostel, - better known as "The Hostile". So, apart from Sunday, everybody had a ball.

After a season of skiing like this who can ask for anything better? I know I can't.

John Welbourn
Form 4
Age 14.

SOCCER

Despite lack of interest and participation and the lost games, soccer was as successful as could be expected. The failure cannot be blamed on training, for rigid practices were held on a regular basis. Nor can the blame be put on no morale among the soccer members, for the players performed as well as possible, but the breaks just didn't fall our way.

Two games were played, both with King's Collegiate School of Windsor. The superior team won at St. Mary's soccer field, 4 - 0 and in a re-match at Windsor we lost 2 - 0.

More experience was added this year, something badly needed.

Next year we'll try again. It's the only thing to do if at first you don't succeed.

Mike Power
Form 4
Age 15.

SOCCER TEAM

First row, L to R: D. Tripp, R. Piercey, M. Power, J. Creery, B. Hanington.

Second Row: J. Crace, G. Steeves, J. Morse, J. Baker, D. Clark, T. Macdonald, W. Chipman.

Third row: S. Neal, D. Mader, T. Howland, S. Greening, C. Curtis, I. Creery.

HOCKEY TEAM

First row, L to R: A. Finley, D. Tingley, R. Petley-Jones, T. Purves, P. Mitchell, R. Hawkins.

Second Row: J. Crosby, D. Morrow, S. Neal, R. Piercey, D. Rhude, A. Evans, I. Creery.

Third Row: D. Scouler, J. Crace, D. Tripp, D. Tupper, T. Macdonald, M. Power.

Fourth Row: B. Burton, C. Mitchell, G. Steeves, J. Baker, J. Morse, M. Rowan-Legg.

HOCKEY

The Halifax Grammar School started hockey in November and played a total of four games against two different schools. Out first game was against King's Collegiate School of Windsor. The game was played in Windsor. We played their "C" team, but it was obvious that some members of our team didn't think so. We lost 9-0. Mr. DeLong, our coach, was proud of us and said we had put on a fine showing.

Our second game with King's came a week later. This time we didn't take such a beating, the score was only 5-0. Certain team-members didn't express their feelings quite as loudly this time, but Mr. DeLong still insisted that we had played a good game.

A week later, we played our third game. This time it was against Queen Elizabeth High School. This time we played a completely different game. But defeat seemed to follow us. Going into the third period we were leading 4-2 but with five minutes to play the score was 6-4 for Q.E.H., and that's the way it stayed. We fell completely apart. Apparently, we were victims of over-confidence, poor conditioning, and weak knowledge of defence.

Our final game came a month later, again against Q.E.H.S. Again we led 4-2 but lost 5-4. Mr. DeLong wasn't very happy with us, as there were one or two fights, but he also said that this was the best game we played all season.

S. Neal
Form 4
Age 15.

FIGURE SKATING

Today, more and more people are learning the thrills of figure skating. Almost anyone can take part in this sport; equipment need not be expensive and, as for a place to skate, Canada has more skating clubs than any other country in the world.

Figure skating is divided into essentially three parts: figures, free skating, and dance. Figures include such things as figures of eight, backwards eights, et cetera. They are all done on the basic shape of an eight. Each circle of eight is done on one foot. This is a very important part of figure skating, for it teaches the necessary control that is used in all other skating.

Free skating includes spins, jumps, spread-eagle, and a variety of steps. This is the best-known form of figure skating and the most enjoyable to watch. Pair skating, as the name implies, is also a type of free skating where two people skate together.

Many dances that are done on the dance floor are also skated on ice, such as the Fox-trot or Tango. Actually, the similarity is only in the name, for the dances do not work on ice unless they are somewhat modified.

There are various tests for all aspects of figure skating. There are also competitions across the country, where one can compete with other skaters, provided that the entrant is an amateur and a member of the Canadian Figure Skating Association.

Canada has fared very well in international competitions with such champions as Donald Knight, Donald Jackson, Petra Burka and many others. Not everyone can be a champion, but nearly everyone can have fun figure skating, so why not try it?

Ian Youle
Form 2
Age 12.

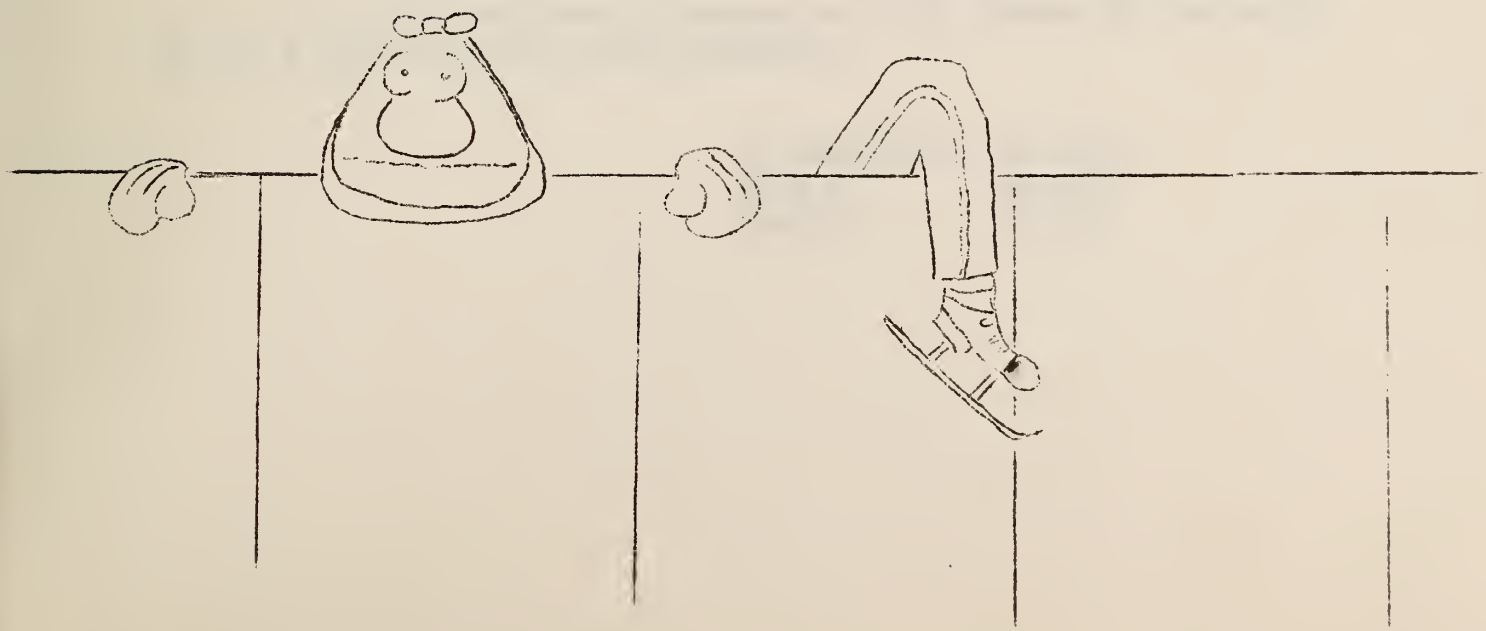


Figure Skating

Today, more and more people are learning the skills of figure skating. Almost anyone can take part in this sport; equipment need not be expensive, and, as for a place to skate, Canada has many skating rinks into any other country in the world.

Figure skating is divided into essentially three parts: dances, free skating, and fours. Figure skating such things as figures of eight, Dutchmen rinks, or dances. They are all done on the basis marks of 6 to eight. Each circle of eight is done on one foot; this is a very dangerous part of figure skating, for it involves the necessary muscles that are used in all other skating.

The skating technique calls, jumps, spins, dances, and a variety of steps. This is the backbone item of figure skating as the are supposed to varied. This skating, as the name implies, is also a type of ice skating using the music as background.

Many people that are low on the above lines are also skilled in low, such as the waltzes or tango. Actually, the challenge is only to the easy for the dances do not have to use Salem but are movement skating.

There are various tests for all aspects of figure skating. There are also competitions across the country, which one can compete with other skaters, provided that the skater is an amateur and a member of the Canadian Figure Skating Association.

Canada has first-rate skill in [illegible] competitions with [illegible] in [illegible] skaters from [illegible] many [illegible] have the [illegible] and top [illegible]

Ian Scott
Form 2
Nov 12.

ACTIVITIES AT THE Y.M.C.A.

At the Y our activities are split into two periods, one for gym and the other for swim. During the course of the year our gym period has consisted of several very interesting sports. For example, we started the year with a few weeks of badminton which were divided into instruction, practice, and competitions. Our instruction period was short and so was our practice; then came the competition. We were divided into groups of two. The gym instructor had made up a chart showing who played whom. That was fine. David Scouler was eliminated in the semi-finals and S. Neal and D. Tripp went on to win against John Crace and John Welbourn.

After badminton we had several rousing games of soccer in which we, as a group, learned the rules and regulations of the game. After that we advanced to floor hockey which practically everyone loved to play and knew how to play, so, instead of instruction and practice, we just played games.

Now we are in the middle of a very long period of basketball. Most of us are not very good at it and therefore we make the bigger boys look rather proficient at the sport.

Our gym period at the Y is usually fun and everyone looks forward to it.

Directly after the gym session we go in for a dip in the pool. At the beginning of the year we had life-saving for the better swimmers; after that we usually could do pretty much as we liked.

Every Wednesday afternoon we look forward to the coming of our Y period every Thursday morning.

D. Scouler and D. Tripp
Form 4 Form 4
Age 14. Age 15.

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